OLD WEST

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Winter,
1974

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— A Brave Railroader

THE SHOOTING ABOVE GOLDMAN'S SALOON

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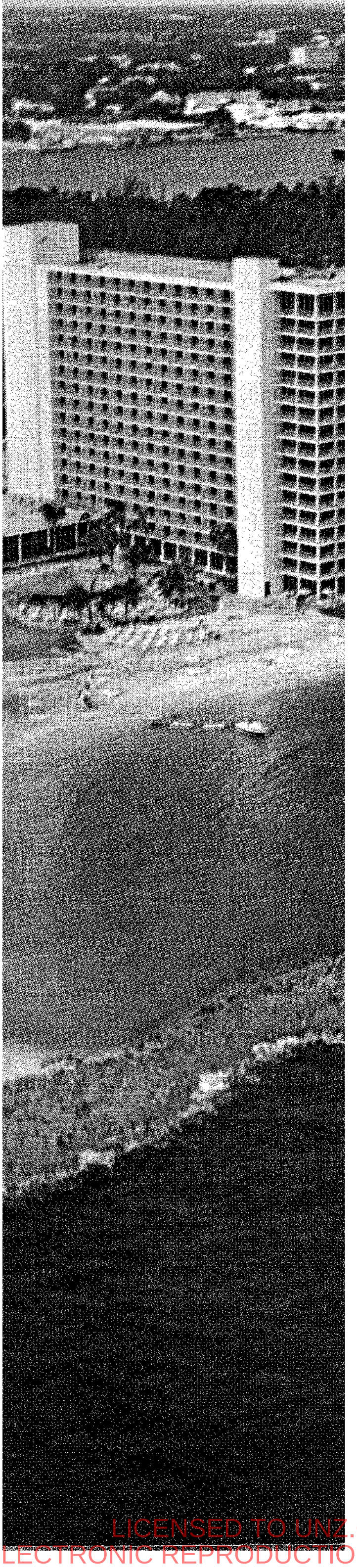

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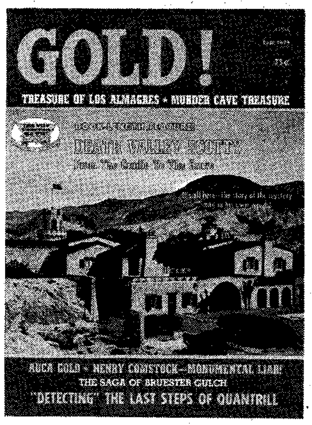
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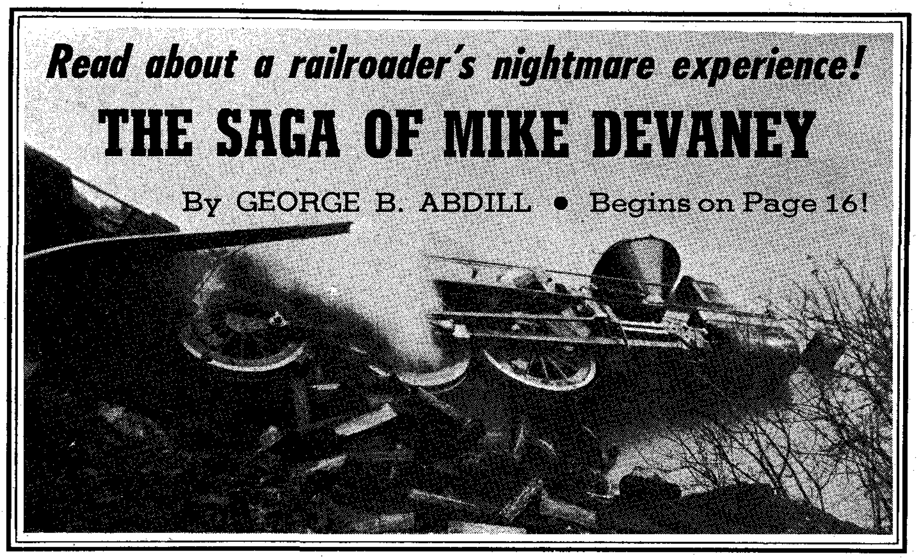

THE SAGA OF MIKE DEVANEY

By GEORGE B. ABDILL • Begins on Page 16!

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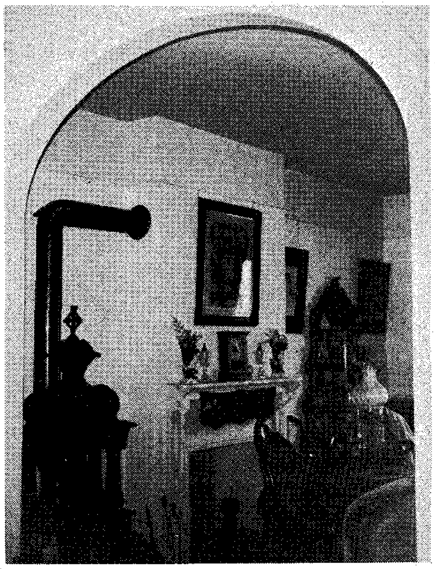

Do haunted houses interest you?
Turn to page 36!

Western movie buffs! Do you remember Tom Tyler?
Turn to page 8!

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TRAILS GROWN DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Young

I would like to hear from anyone who is a relative to Minnie Belle Young, born 1872, and her sister, Rosa Jane Young, born 1868. Both were born in Luray, Clark County, Missouri. They were daughters of the late William (Bill) Young who was hanged by a mob three days after the courts cleared him of the Spencer murders on October 29, 1879 at Luray.—Floyd Young, 708 So. 14th Street, Keokuk, Iowa 52632

Johns

I would like to hear from anyone who may know of or be related to the family of Claude Ivan Johns, born in Doniphan County, Kansas in 1897. His father's name was Levi Madison Johns and he married Clara Penny. Claude had four brothers: Dewey, Carl, William and LeRoy; and a sister, Grace. Many of the Johns family lived in Troy, Kansas. Would appreciate information on any of these people. I would also appreciate information on a Henry and Sadie Johns and their children.—Violet Viola Johns, 2274 Placentia, Apartment B, Costa Mesa, California 92627

Plemmons

I would like information about the Plemmons family of North Carolina and Virginia. Prior to 1800, they all apparently lived in the mountainous area of Buncombe, Macon, Madison and Orange Counties in North Carolina. I have information indicating they came from Ireland and Scotland to Virginia first, then on to North Carolina in the early 1700s.

Several, including David S., Levi Milas, Bailey Bruce, Wiley and James Sebron (Seaborn), fought for the Confederacy during the Civil War. Wiley was killed; Levi was a prisoner of war at Rock Island Prison, Sebron was wounded twice and surrendered with General Lee at Appomattox, Virginia. Wiley's widow and four sons moved to Arkansas. I would like to hear from any of their descendants. Levi and Sebron were born in Buncombe County, North Carolina, and their father moved to Gilmer County, Georgia sometime prior to the Civil War.

My father was Joseph Milas Plemmons born in Weaverville, North Carolina in 1882. His father was John Parn Plemmons; born in 1848 and died about 1938. His father was Bailey Bruce who married Rebecca Bright in 1855, and his father, Andrew W. Plemmons, was born in Buncombe County, North Carolina in 1813 and married Dorcas (?). His father was Andrew W. Plemmons, Sr., born in 1791 and appearing on the 1830 census of Buncombe County. I need information on Andrew Sr.'s father.

I also need information on Thomas Plemmons, a veteran of the Revolutionary War.

From information gathered, the name Plemmons was originally Flemming(s) as we are Flemish from Flanders near Belgium. Some ancestors left Flanders in the year 1200 and established weaving and cloth mills in Ireland and Scotland. The Irish and Highland Scots all spoke Gaelic and Flemming in Gaelic is Pleammon(s). There are only slightly more

(Continued on page 60)

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

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GOOD LOCAL HISTORY

Local histories often become hard-to-find collector's items. A new one that could fall into this category is a brochure *What's in a Name in the Gunnison Country*, written and published by Charles A. Page, Box 368, Gunnison, Colorado. A prolific scribbler, Page also is the author of the popular booklet, *Your Passport to the Gunnison Country*. First a mining area, cattle ranching and recreation have become the major activities. From Abbeyville to Woodstock, the booklet gives the names and brief history of some of the colorful towns in the Gunnison River Basin. Chipeta, Sapinero and Shavano are names indicative of the Ute tribe's influence on early history. Towns were often named for important landmarks, people, mining camps and railroad stations. Collectors of regional western history can't go wrong on this one at $2.00.

HORSE LORE

About one million horse fans have benefited from reading nine books written by the prolific author, Margaret Cabell Self. Her latest, *The Nature of the Horse* (Arco Publishing Company, $7.50) adds another worthy contribution to the art of horsemanship. She says, "The way which the horse has survived from its earliest species is a clue to much of its behavior today." She traces horse ancestry from fox-size Eohippus of 50 million years ago down through his evolutionary stages to his present form. Fleetness of foot helped him survive his numerous predators, and knowing of his primal instinct for fleeing from danger helps the owner to understand his emotions that need to be considered in training. The book is easy to read. The writer obviously has had great experiences as a horsewoman. Her wisdom on horse psychology as it affects the animal's behavior will be exceptionally helpful to all horsemen.

Approved Practices in Raising and Handling Horses (The Interstate Printers and Publishers, $9.00) by Donald E. Ulmer and Elwood M. Juergenson is recommended for beginners about to own and care for a horse. The authors say the horse industry is probably growing faster than any other phase of American agriculture. Pleasure riders have caused horse numbers to double in the last ten years and represent an investment of $7.5 billion. While the text covers care and management in general, the photographs and tack give emphasis of Western horsemanship. Major topics considered are: opportunities in horse raising, breeds and breeding, feeds and feeding, health and treatment of disease and ailments, organizations and visual aids. A good book for starters.

RECOLLECTIN'

Cross Timbers nostalgia is the subject of Fred Mullings' *Gooberland Memories* (The Christopher Publishing House, $4.95). Mullings tells of his boyhood on a sandy land farm near Gorman, Texas in the Western Cross Timbers about seventy miles southwest of Fort Worth. Peanuts (goobers) were an important crop when the author was growing up. A new baby came along regularly to the family for several years. The book is full of country reminiscences about standard outhouses, neighborhood schools, severe discipline, village picnics and ice cream sociables. Cash was short for labor expended but there was a warm family camaraderie and compensating homespun wit. The author and his wife gained college educations and taught school until retirement age. He examines his boyhood farm experiences with its hearty memories which are described with a pleasant sense of humor.

WESTERN BADMEN

Frontier Violence—Another Look (Oxford University Press, $7.95) by W. Eugene Hollon is the first general study of the subject with special emphasis on the Western scene. The chapter on "The Texas Frontier Heritage" provides an excellent summary of the longest period of violence in any Western state. Texas had a quarter of a century start on California in the violence sweepstakes—the chapters "Golden California: For Anglos Only" and "Not a Chinaman's Chance" tell of the doings in the Land of Gold. Dr. Hollon makes the point that horses and cattle were directly related to general lawlessness in both the Northern and Southern Plains in pioneer days. In the days of the open range a rancher's wealth was measured by the number of cows he owned, and the horse was the primary means of transportation. Horse thieves and cattle rustlers were dealt with promptly and often summarily—a killer might go free but stealing a horse or cow was a No-No. This book will help all of us better understand our ways of life and violence on the frontier.

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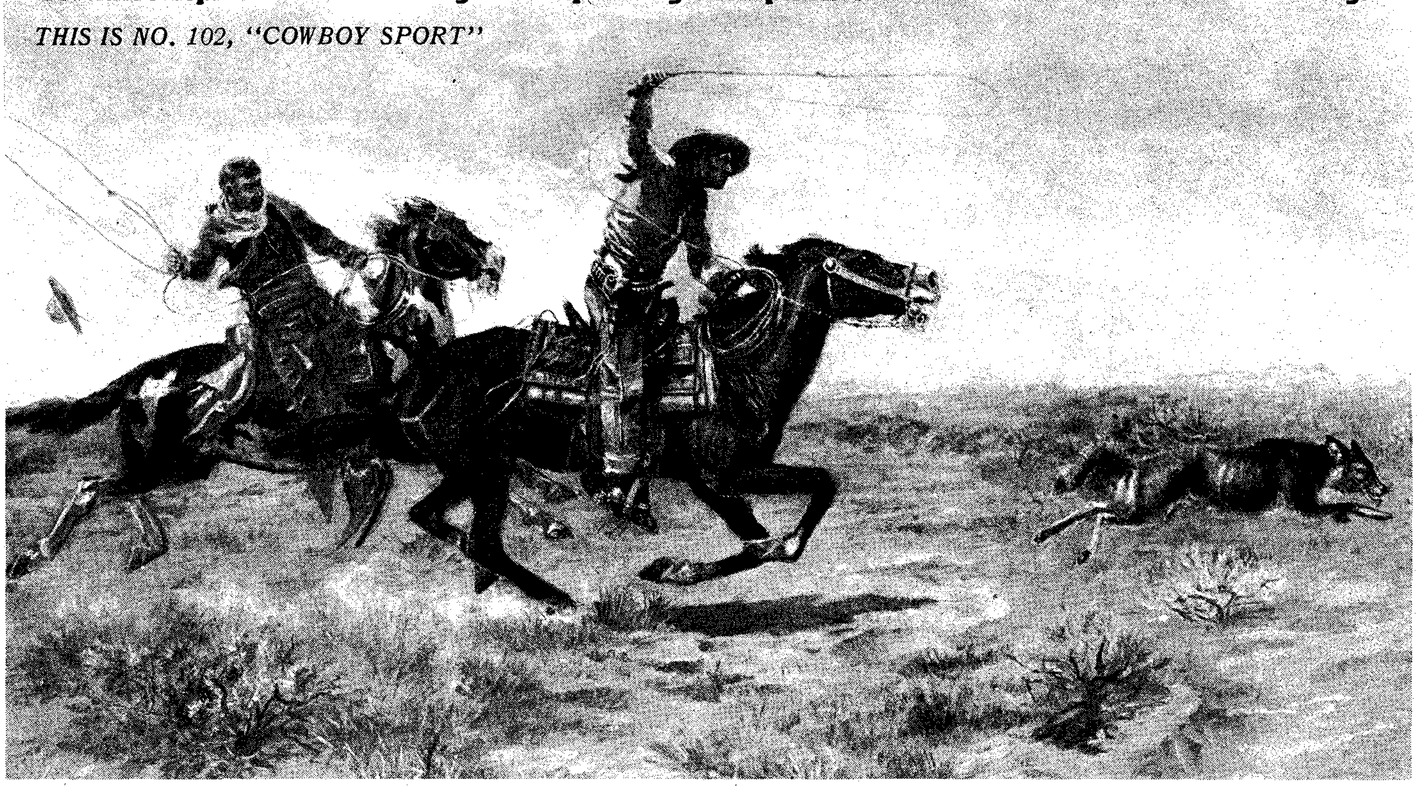

THIS IS NO. 102, "COWBOY SPORT"

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

(PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH)

1—Ambushed, 11x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—At Close Quarters 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—Buffalo on the Move, 16x11½
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 11½x16
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation to the Sun, 11½x16
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 11½x16
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7
60—Roping a Wolf, 11x8½
61—Smoking Them Out, 11x10
62—Scattering the Riders, 11½x8
63—Trail of the Iron Horse, 16x11½
64—Sun Worshippers, 16x10½
65—Serious Predicament, 15x8½
66—Single Handed, 14x9½
67—Slick Ear, 14x11½
68—Smoke of a .45, 12x9
69—Sage Brush Sport, 13½x8½
70—Signal Fire, 11x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 13½x9½
72—In Enemy Country, 13½x9½
73—The Medicine Man, 11x8½
74—Trail's End, 13½x9½
75—The Holdup, 13x8
76—The Bolter, 9½x13½
77—The Attack, 12x8
78—The Drifter, 16x11½
79—The Tenderfoot, 11x8
80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
81—Last of 5,000, 8x9½
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—When the Trail Was Long Between Camps, 10½x6½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 15x8½
94—Warning Shadows, 10½x7
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15x8½
96—Wound Up, 11x8½
97—The Scouts (Indians) 9½x7
98—Winter Packet, 15x7
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Land of Good Hunting, 16x11½
106—The Fire Boat, 16x11½
107—Our Warriors Return, 16x11½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½

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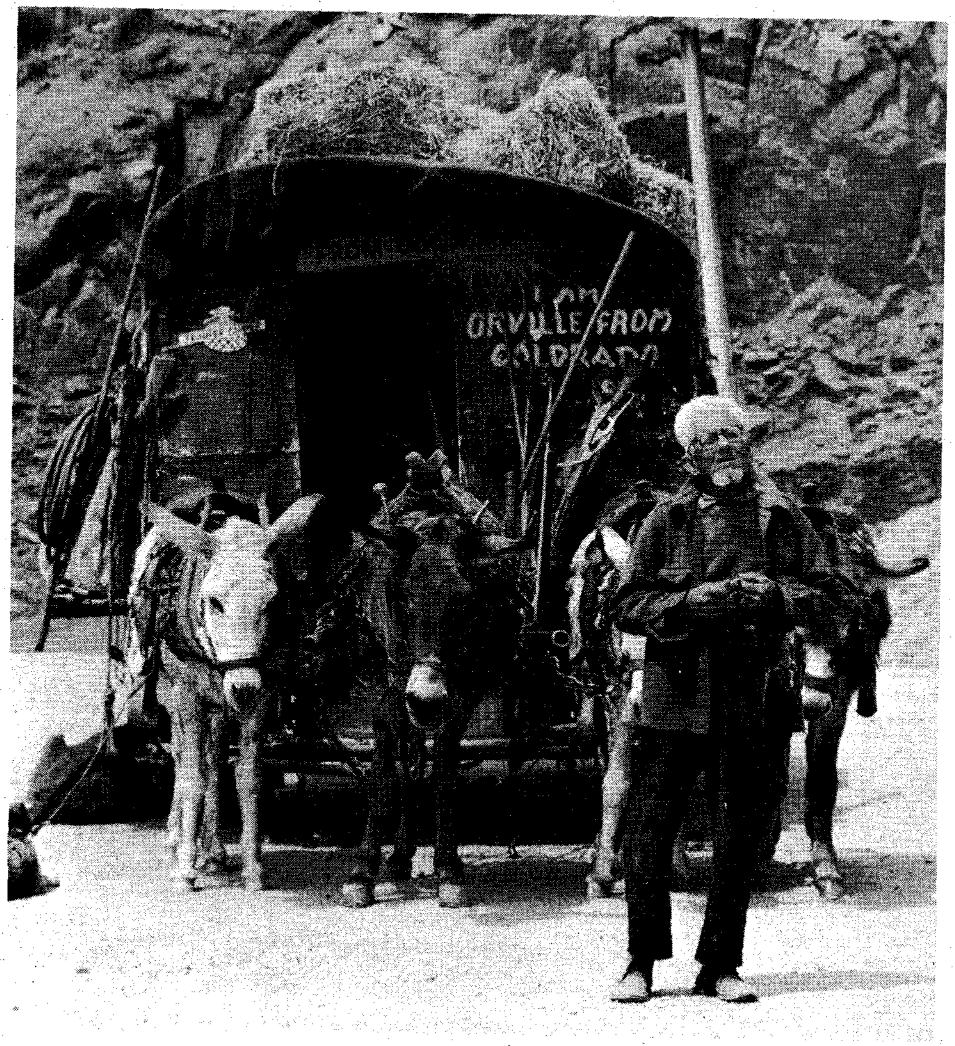
The picture shows Orville and his burros, goat and dog pulled over for a breather just after negotiating the steep seven-mile grade from Congress to Yarnell, Arizona along Route 89 enroute to Prescott. At this point Orville may refresh himself with a healthy booster of hospital-grade goat milk after watering his stock. If he is lucky, a pair of eggs may be on the menu. His active outdoor life has kept him in top physical condition.—A. H. Waterman, General Delivery, Arcadia, California 91006

Orville Ewing and friends.



Our Book-length Feature

I greatly enjoy your publications and consider the service you perform in helping to preserve our historical heritage a very important and worthwhile one indeed.

I especially enjoyed the article by Joe T. Roff in the Fall 1974 OLD WEST. My father told me many times of the raid of 1866 near the present town of Rosston. The man who was killed in this raid was named Menasco rather than Manaco, as is stated in the article. After the father of the two girls captured by the Indians had searched the camps of many of the tribes up in Indian Territory, cowboys discovered the skeletons along the return route of the raiding party. The remains are buried in the cemetery at Rosston.

The raid was led by a young Kiowa chief named Big Tree who committed a number of singularly savage atrocities but who was, in his later years, a Baptist convert and a Sunday School teacher near Rainy Mountain, Oklahoma.—Henry H. Snell, 1412 Zephyr Street, Plainview, Texas 79072

A Mystery Solved

I am writing to you regarding a story titled "Dead Man's Mine" by Maurice Kildare, which appeared in the Fall 1971 issue of OLD WEST.

The man who was injured by the hit-and-run car on Highway 85 South in Colorado was my great-great-uncle, Alex McDonald, on my mother's side. The last letter she received from him was dated September 9, 1936, postmarked Walsenberg, Colorado. We never heard from him again. Your story in the above issue has really shed the truth as to what happened to him. If my mother were still alive, she'd be more relieved to at least know what happened to her uncle.

I would like to know if Mr. Forrester is still living as I would like to talk to him about my uncle. I am at the present time trying to find my uncle's grave in Potters Field, as we have three cemeteries which contain a Potters Field in Pueblo. I am living at Pueblo and am employed at the post office—going on thirteen years service.

I was visiting a friend's house and happened to pick up the OLD WEST issue and when I saw the name of my great-great-uncle, I couldn't put the issue down. My friend gave the magazine to me and I will keep it. I have written our relatives back home so that they also will know of his untimely death.—Arthur L. Williams, Mesa P. O. Box 3336, Pueblo, Colorado 81005

Wells

A year ago we bought land twenty miles west of Lewistown, Montana and on land adjoining ours is a grave. Buried in this grave is a young man by the

(Continued on page 32)

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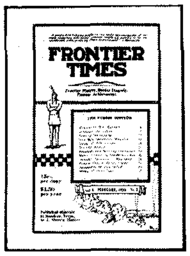

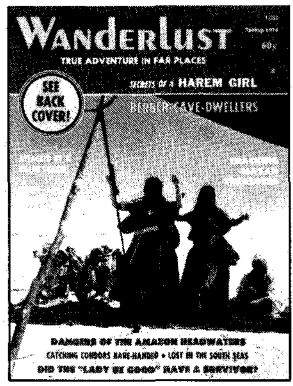
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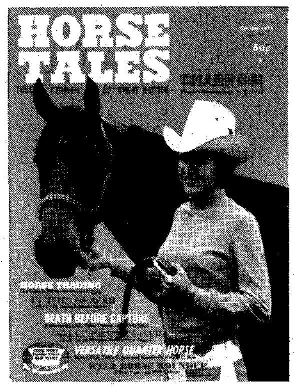

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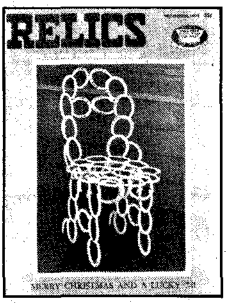

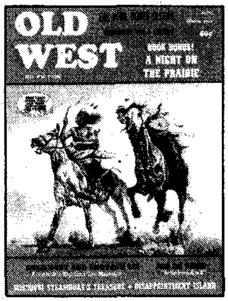

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COWBOY STRONGMAN

HE PLAYED numerous roles in life and, during his movie career, almost as many parts on camera. Whether a comics super-hero, a member of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, a fearless flying ace, or a 3,000-year-old living mummy—it was all in the day's work. But it is as cowboy-strongman of the silver screen that Tom Tyler is best remembered.

He was born Vincent Markowski on August 9, 1903 at Port Henry, New York where he attended high school and excelled in athletics. Then his family moved to Detroit, Michigan, and his formal education ended. Like most boys, Vincent dreamed of becoming rich and famous.

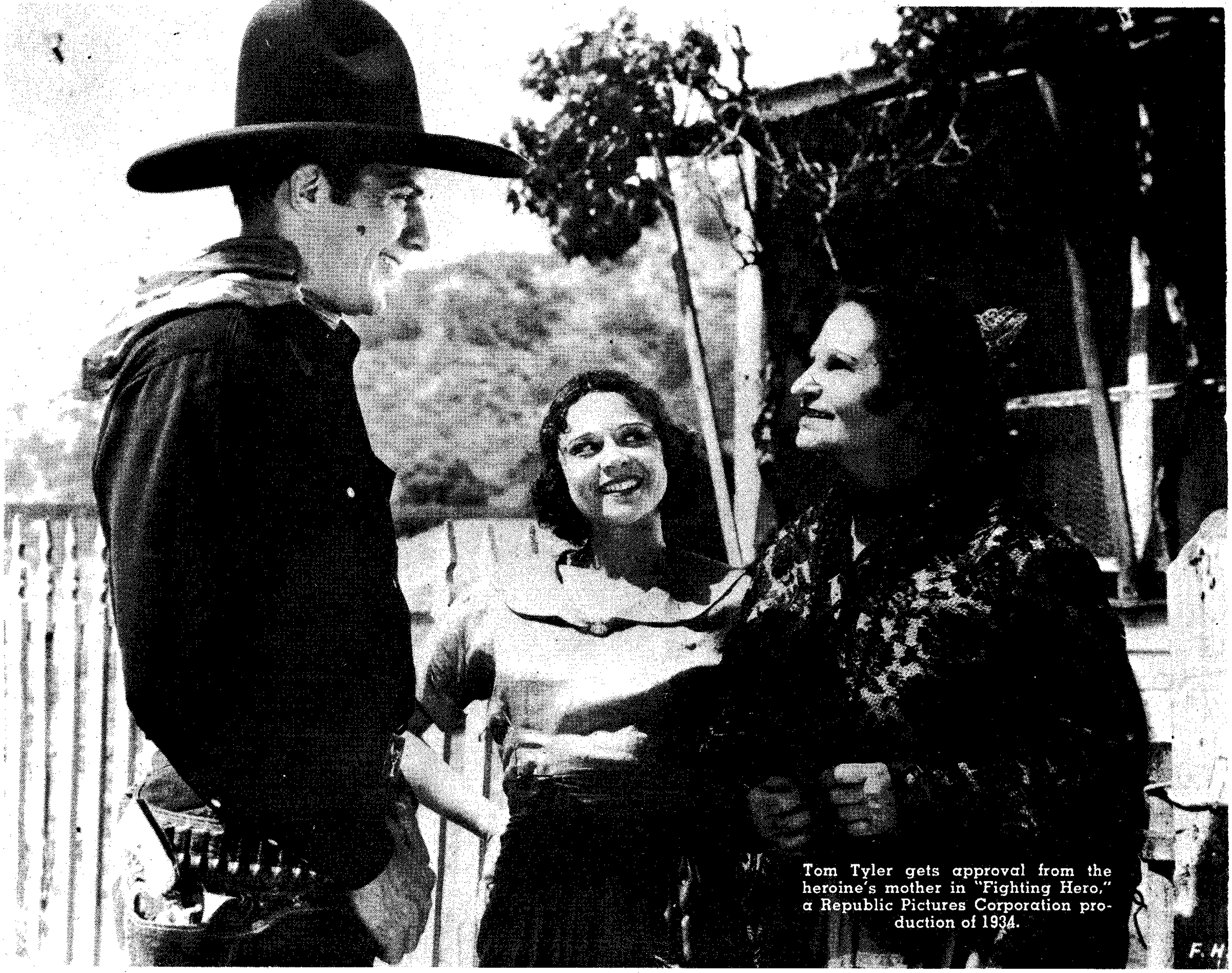
He became interested in acting and spent all the money he earned at odd jobs, on make-up kits. When his father, a factory worker, "pooh-poohed" his theatrical ambitions as a waste of time, Vincent left home.

En route back to his native state, he took a job in the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, coal mines. It was rugged work for a youngster, but the black-haired, brown-eyed Vincent was already over six feet tall, solidly muscled, and weighed 190 pounds. He soon gave up mining, however, continuing to New York where he signed on as able seaman aboard a merchant steamer.

At sea he took up weight lifting, specializing in the right and left hand clean jerk (the weight is picked up with either or both hands, rested against the chest, then hoisted as high as possible) and the snatch (the weight is picked up with either or both hands and hoisted as high as possible in one continuous movement), and became a champion of the fleet. He also excelled in "Indian wrestling" and other hand to hand competition, allegedly overpowering more than 200 consecutive opponents in various matches.

After nearly a year of life at sea, Vincent returned to Michigan and worked for a time in the north woods as a lumberjack. But he was still determined on an acting career. Joining a circus as a sideshow strongman and amateur boxer he headed west, finally reaching Los Angeles in 1924.

Unlike Lucien Albertini, a strongman of the day, and Joe Bonomo, the "Modern Apollo" or "Cinema Colossus" (hero-stuntman of several early jungle and circus serials, who wound up his career



Tom Tyler gets approval from the heroine's mother in "Fighting Hero," a Republic Pictures Corporation production of 1934.

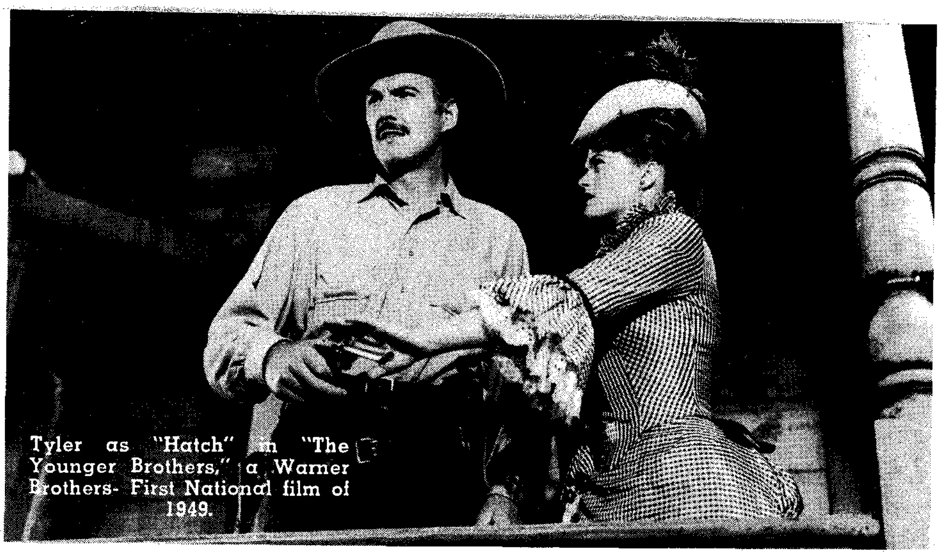
—TOM TYLER

By GLENN SHIRLEY
Photos Courtesy Author

He established a World's Weight Lifting record in the Senior Heavyweight class that stood for nearly fourteen years. By that time Tom was wealthy and famous—and doomed

with body-building ads in men's magazines), Vincent Markowski was no "muscle man." However, once he took off his shirt and flexed his lithe, lean body, he had no difficulty finding employment as a sculptor's model. His persistence, handsome appearance and physique soon paid off—he was given a job as "prop boy" and "muscular extra" in Metro-Goldwyn's film version of Elinor Glyn's fantastic, red-covered book, *Three Weeks.* This was followed by a minor role in Metro-Goldwyn's production of another Elinor Glyn novel, *The Only Thing.*

Three years before, Marcus Loew, Nicholas M. Schenck and other executives, looking for a way to unite their theater interests into an active production organization, had acquired the stock of Metro Pictures Corporation. This proved successful and in 1924, with further expansion in order, Loew and his associates made successful overtures for an interest in Goldwyn Company. Shortly thereafter the producing assets of Louis B. Mayer Pictures were acquired by the company, and the organization controlled by Loew's took the name Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. One of the first MGM productions was the magnificent pictorial conception of *Ben Hur,* adapted from General Lew Wallace's novel, starring Ramon Navarro as Ben Hur, Francis X. Bushman as his formidable opponent Messala, lovely May McAvoy as the heroine, Carmel Myers as the inevitable vamp, and that fine old Griffith actress, Claire McDowell, as Ben Hur's mother.



Tyler as "Hatch" in "The Younger Brothers," a Warner Brothers- First National film of 1949.

WHEN Vincent heard that MGM was casting the picture, he armed himself with a portfolio of suitable photographs (he also could boast of a solid acting experience) and headed for the director's office. He was hired immediately.

Vincent was now traveling in top company. Although playing a small part, he was spotted by an agent for Film Booking Offices of America. FBO, one of the foremost producers of Westerns in the 1920s, was in the market for a leading man for action features at R-C Pictures (releasing through FBO), and the agent visualized at once how well Vincent's marvelous physique would fit into cowboy costumes. Only one thing bothered him.

He asked Markowski, "Can you ride a horse?"

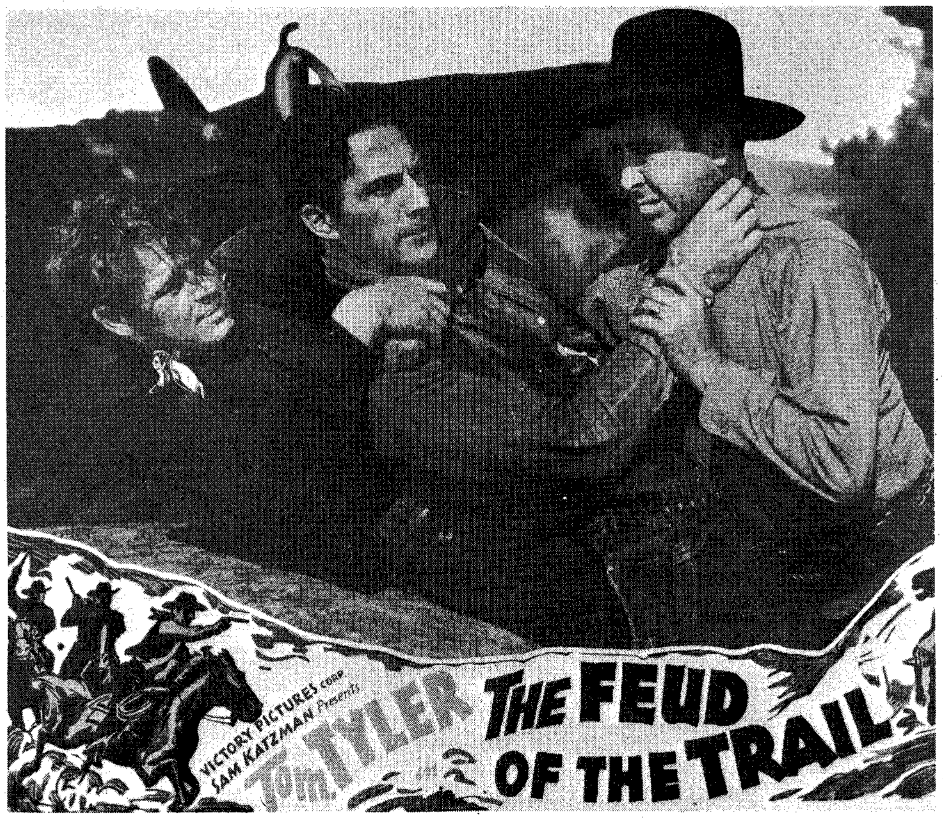
"I said 'Yes'—and didn't even gulp," Vincent explained afterwards, "because I knew if there was a way to stick on, I'd find it."

Signed to a FBO contract, he sought out a friend who was an expert horseman. Vincent proved so adaptable to the saddle that within a week he was riding like a veteran cowhand. In fact, when he

Tom's on-screen brawling came naturally, as in this scene from "Galloping Thru," a 1932 Monogram release.

WANTED
JACK CARGILL
DEAD OR ALIVE

Above, Tom wipes out the villains two at a time in "Man from Death Valley," one in a series of eight films for Monogram in 1932. Below, two villains attempt to "do in" Tyler in "The Feud of the Trail," a Victory Pictures Corporation production of 1936.



galloped onto the set for the first day's shooting no one suspected that only a short time before, their leading man scarcely had known the front end of a horse from its rear.

The film, a five-reeler titled "Let's Go, Gallagher," was released September 20, 1925. An instant hit, it was immediately followed by "The Wyoming Wildcat," released in November, and in December, "The Cowboy Musketeer." Reviewers praised the "fine riding" and predicted great success for the new star. A new career was born for twenty-two-year-old Vincent Markowski, and a new name—Tom Tyler.

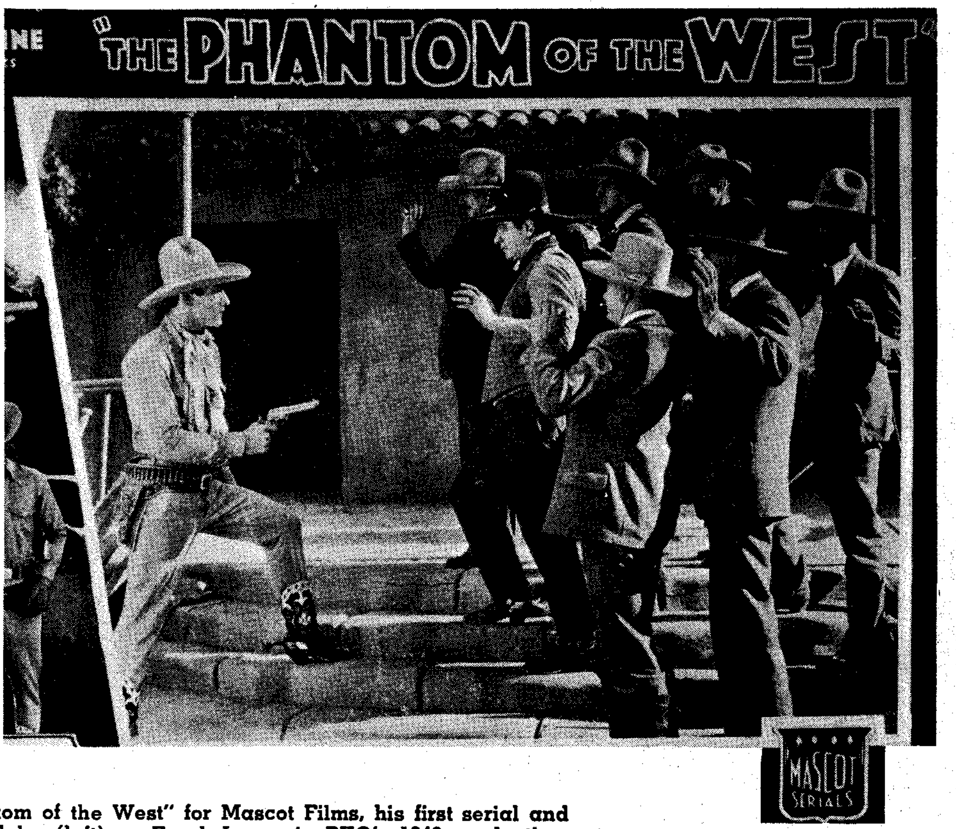
In 1926, Tom made eight R-C pictures for FBO: "Born to Battle," "The Arizona Streak," "Wild to Go," "The Masquerade Bandit," "The Cowboy Cop," "Tom and His Pals," "Out of the West" and "Red Hot Hoofs." He made eight more in 1927: "Lightning Lariats," "Sonora Kid," "Cyclone of the Range," "Splitting the Breeze," "Tom's Gang," "The Cherokee Kid," "The Desert Pirate," and "Flying U Ranch."

While "Flying U Ranch" was adapted from a book of the same title by the popular woman novelist Bertha Muzzey Bower, most of Tom's other plots were the creations of screen writers Percy Heath, F. A. E. Pine, William E. Wing, and Buckleigh Fritz Oxford. John Leeser photographed and Robert De Lacey directed. The Tyler type of acting was so relaxing that many thought he couldn't act at all. But Tom was a likeable hero.

His riding got better with every film and his on-screen brawling came naturally. He not only held his own with other FBO cowboys—Fred Thompson, Bob Custer, Hoot Gibson, Bob Steele—but soon began surpassing them at the box-office.

DE LACEY also directed his 1928 films: "When the Law Rides," "Phantom of the Range," "The Texas Tornado," "The Avenging Rider," "Terror," "Terror Mountain," and "Tyrant of Red Gulch," and four more in 1929: "The Trail of the Horse Thieves," "Gun Law," "Idaho Red," and "The Pride of Pawnee," with Nick Musuraca as cameraman and scripters Oliver Drake and Frank Howard Clark.

While virtue was considered a manly attribute of the Western formula of the 1920s, Tom was not just another handsome hero in the same vein. His roles were so varied he did not become stereotyped. Occasionally he played a badman, in the fashion of such early stars as Bronco Billy Anderson and William S. Hart. In Tom's case, however, he was redeemed either by love of the heroine or the efforts of "Beans," a small dog, and nine-year-old, diminutive Frankie Darro.


NE
THE PHANTOM OF THE WEST
MASCOT SERIALS

Above, in 1930 Tyler made "Phantom of the West" for Mascot Films, his first serial and first all-talking film. Below, Tom Tyler (left) as Frank James in RKO's 1946 production, "Badman's Territory."

In this scene from "Born to Battle" (FBO, 1926) Tom is accused by veteran actor William Desmond, resulting in an all-out saloon brawl.

Darro's inclusion in supporting casts particularly pleased Tyler fans. The lad's presence not only gave Tom a sidekick but provided plot motivation and a guaranteed "out" for any predicament in which the hero found himself. By the same token, when Frankie was not saving Tom from some dastardly villain's plot, it was because the boy had been kidnapped or otherwise endangered, giving Tom a chance to gallop to the rescue. Darro, who idolized Tyler, gave excellent performances and became a popular star himself in the 1930s.

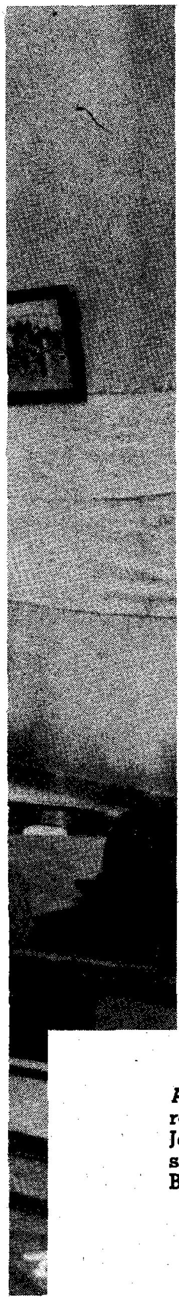
Although Tom got plenty of action on the stages and back lots of Hollywood, he continued his gym workouts and was a star member of the Los Angeles Athletic Club. In 1926 the *American Athlete*, an annual publication, called him "a perfect example of the all-around athlete," and noted, "He scales 197 pounds in trained condition and is surprisingly fast on his feet. . . . *Among* his other accomplishments, he can perform an astonishing variety of acrobatic tricks and daring stunts on the horizontal bar." In 1928 Tom established a new world's weight lifting record in the Senior Heavyweight class by lifting a total of 760 pounds. This record would remain unbroken for nearly fourteen years.

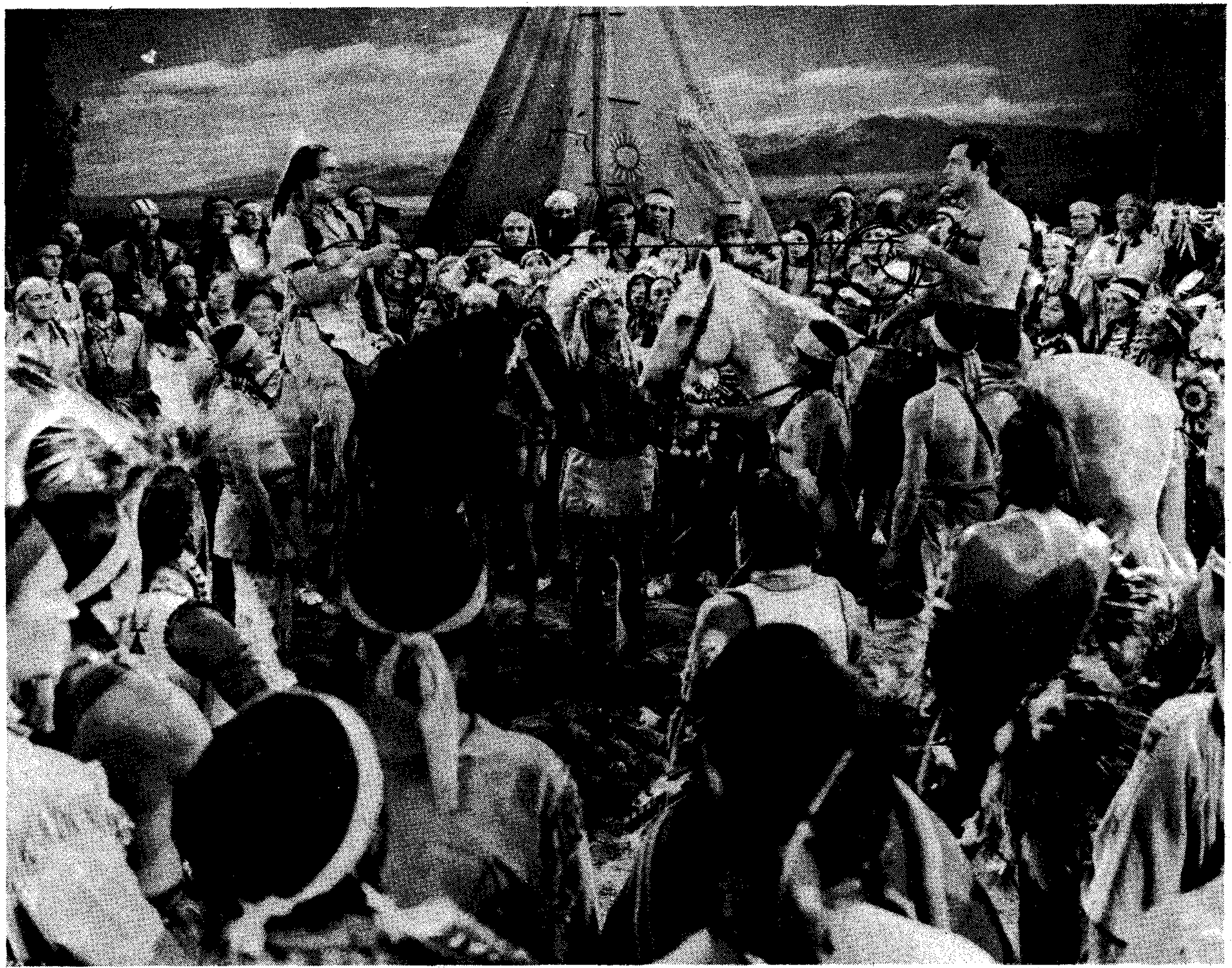
"The Pride of Pawnee," released in June, 1929, was the last Tyler picture for FBO. With the arrival of talkies, the firm was reorganized into a new company called RKO.

His contract ended, Tom signed with Syndicate Pictures. For the 1929-30 season he made another series of eight silent oaters under the direction of J. P. McGowan: "Law of the Plains," "The Man From Nevada," "The Phantom Rider," "'Neath Western Skies," "The Lone Horseman," "Pioneers of the West," "Call of the Desert," and "The Canyon of Missing Men."

These pictures, slowly paced and full of long shots for economy reasons, did not have the action and excitement of Tyler's FBO films. In "The Man From Nevada," for instance, McGowan himself played a timid papa with a flock of kids who finally was able to keep his land after learning from Tom that "a jolt on the chin is better than good penmanship in sticking to a land claim." There was a heroine in a motherless big-sister role, but not much love stuff. McGowan stuck pretty much to juvenile male appeal, with plenty of hard riding.

LATE in 1930, while waiting for Syndicate to equip for sound, Tom made "Phantom of the West" for Mascot, his first serial. While some of his silents





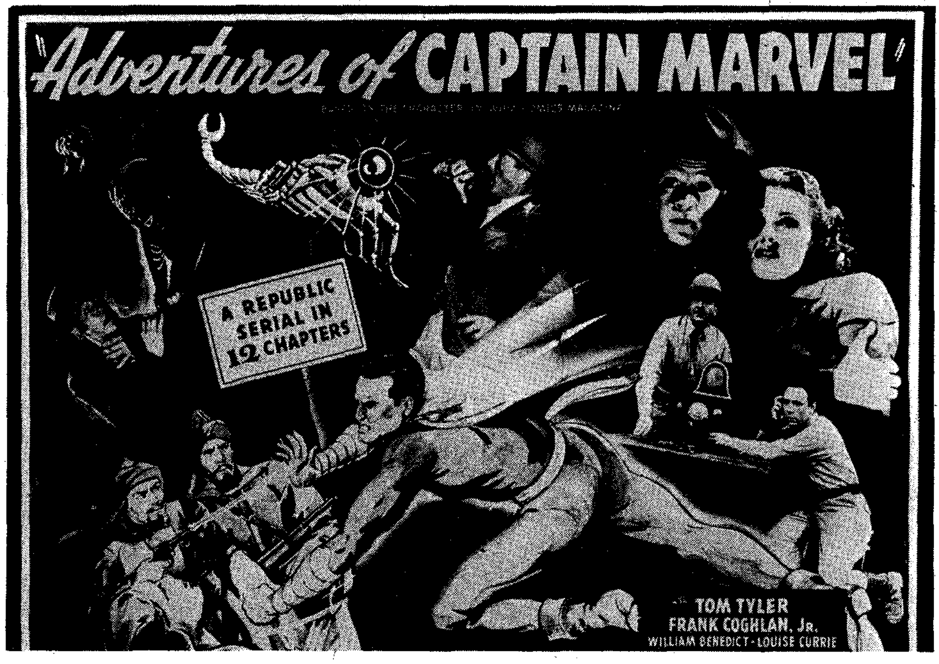
Above, Tom Tyler as Geronimo challenges hero James Craig in RKO's 1942 screen version of Clarence Budington Kelland's novel, *"Valley of the Sun."*

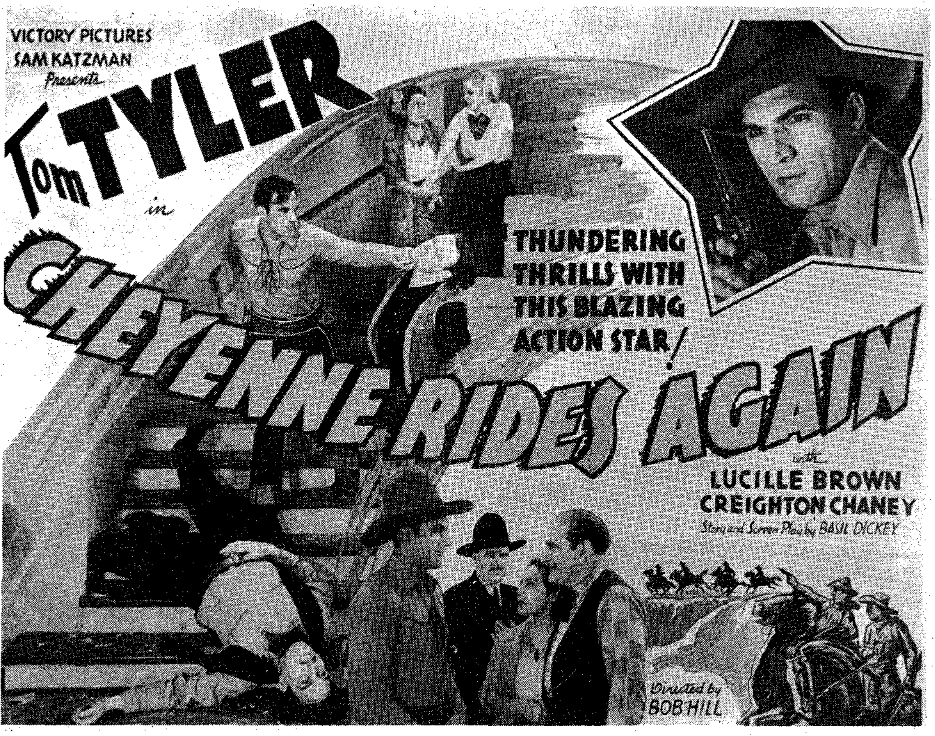
had been released with music and other sound effects, this was Tom's first "100% All-Talking" (as some advertisements read) film. This ten-episode play featured him alongside veteran performers Tom Santschi, Joe Bonomo and comic Tom Dugan, who to the surprise of everyone, turned out to be the "Phantom." Besides good characterization, the picture had strong adult appeal, which was more to Tom's liking, and his pleasant voice assured him of success in the era of sound.

He returned to Syndicate briefly in 1931 to make "A Rider of the Plains," "God's Country and the Man" and his first all-talking feature, "West of Cheyenne." As before, McGowan insisted on playing to the juvenile male audience. One reviewer described "A Rider of the Plains" as "a gr-r-r-rand old Western with all those things: The hard guy whose heart is purest gold and he loves litt-ul cheeeldren; the beautiful heroine who buh-lieves in him despite all; the parson who—sh-shshshsh—was oncet a bad man; the post-office that gets robbed; the unjust accusations—and the happy, happy ending when voitue is rewarded and the dastardly villains get theirs."

So Tom went to Universal for serial number two, an historical special called "Battling With Buffalo Bill," starring Rex Bell and featuring veteran actors Edmund Cobb, Yakima Canutt and William Desmond. Tom was given the title

Below, Tyler was so adept at transferring the *Whiz Comics* magazine character to celluloid that "The Adventures of Captain Marvel" serial (Republic, 1941) became one of the most successful chapter movies ever produced.


Adventures of CAPTAIN MARVEL
A REPUBLIC SERIAL IN 12 CHAPTERS
TOM TYLER
FRANK COGHLAN, Jr.
WILLIAM BENEDICT · LOUISE CURRIE



When his fans violently protested his first appearances in really villaninous roles, Tyler returned to his customary characterizations in a series for Sam Katzman's Victory Pictures Corporation.

role, complete with buckskins, mustache, goatee and flowing hair.

He enjoyed playing a "real" character for a change. "It was a wonderful part," he said at the time. "I love the out-of-doors and the feel of a good horse under me will always give me a thrill, but this doesn't make me unfit for any but cowboy portrayals."

Universal believed him and starred him in two other popular serial milieus of Depression days, the sky and the jungle. Tom swapped his Stetson for a Frank Buck helmet in "Jungle Mystery" (1932). In 1933 he took to the clouds as "The Phantom of the Air" with Gloria Shea. Situations involving airplanes were woven into many serials and adventure features during the 1930s, but aviation never did match the Western in the affections of the young. Tom played even another role in 1933. His fourth Universal serial, laid in the Canadian Northwest, was "Clancy of the Mounted."

A departure from the western scene. Tyler as a Royal Canadian Mounted Policeman in "Honor of the Mounted," a 1932 Monogram film.

At the same time, he was busy on a series of eight releases for Monogram: "Partners of the Trail," "Galloping Thru," "Man From Death Valley," "Single-Handed Sanders," "Vanishing Men," "Honor of the Mounted," "Two-Fisted Justice" and "Man From New Mexico." These films, all top-notch action efforts with some very novel plots, were released in 1931 and 1932.

It was in Western roles that Tom's fans liked him best. In 1933 he made four Monarch productions for Freuler Film Associates: "The Forty-Niners," "Deadwood Pass," "War of the Range" and "When A Man Rides Alone." From 1934 to 1936, producer Bernard B. Ray of Reliable Pictures Corporation starred him in sixteen six-reelers: "Riding Thru," "Tracy Rides," "Mystery Ranch," "Fighting Hero," "Terror of the Plains," "Unconquered Bandit," "Rio Rattler," "Coyote Trails," "Laramie Kid," "Silent Valley," "Fast Bullets," "Pinto Rustlers," "Roamin' Wild," "Santa Fe Bound," "Trigger Tom," and "Ridin' On."

While working for Reliable, Tom squeezed in a couple of performances for RKO. In "Powdersmoke Range" (1935) the all-time greats Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson and Guinn "Big Boy" Williams join hands to rid Los Potros of a crooked politician, cattle rustlers and other undesirables such as "Sundown Saunders" (Tyler), a hired gunman who later reforms. In "The Last Outlaw" (1936) Tom was "Al Goss," a bandit leader whose inglorious downfall comes with an inexorable seige on his hideout and the business end of a left-handed lariat toss by Hoot Gibson. These films provided Tom his first opportunity to play really villainous roles, and his fans objected.

When Sam Katzman needed cowboy stars for his newly-organized Victory Pictures Corporation, Tom returned to his customary heroics. In 1936-37, he made seven Westerns for the company: "Rip-Roarin' Buckaroo," "The Feud on the Trail," "Cheyenne Rides Again," "Mystery Range," "Brothers of the West," "Lost Ranch," and "Orphan of the Pecos."

BY WORKING for independent producers, Tom had been constantly employed, and his output of pictures exceeded that of many top cowboy stars. Perhaps it was nostalgia for the days he had worked his way west to Los Angeles, or maybe he just felt his slam-bang performances needed a rest. Whatever the reason, when his quota for Victory was completed he joined the Wallace Brothers Circus. His weight lifting, daring stunts on the horizontal bar, and Wild West acts became the 1937 season's big draw under the big top.

It was after Tom's return to Hollywood in 1938 that his longing to play more demanding roles than cowboy-hero parts bore fruit. The choice role as "Luke Plummer," John Wayne's rival in award-winning director Ford's classic "Stagecoach" (United Artists, 1939), started

(Continued on page 38)

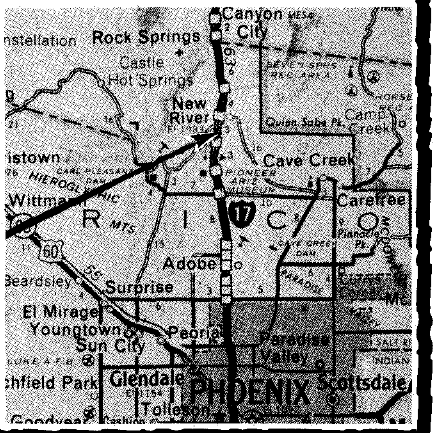
By BILLY B. WALDECK

Map Courtesy Author

LOST LEAD/SILVER VEIN ON NEW RIVER

Lying just a little west of Interstate 17, the search area is comparatively small, but the complications are vast!

Map shows the general search area.



THIRTY MILES north of Phoenix, Arizona in the New River area, early Spanish prospectors missed a small, high-grade outcrop of lead/silver ore. However, the smiling men from Spain did name the precipitous mountain to the northeast, Gavilan Peak, for the red-tailed hawks they observed circling overhead.

Three centuries later, Pete Powell, genial garage mechanic and Sunday School teacher, accompanied by his wife and young son Tom, drove south from Prescott to Phoenix. They traveled State Highway 69, otherwise known as the Black Canyon Highway. This thoroughfare is now Interstate 17.

Approximately two miles south of the New River channel highway bridge, Pete's thoughts were shattered by the urgency in his son's voice.

"Stop, Dad. I've got to go!"

A hot July sun melted the asphalt paving as Pete pulled off the west side of the highway and parked on the shoulder of the road.

"Tom and I will be gone only a few minutes," Pete said to his wife. Then he and his son crawled through a barbed wire fence. They walked several hundred yards out into the desert, far enough to be screened from view of the heavy traffic.

The desert terrain here stretched out in a flat plain. The ground was covered with small rocks. Green palo verde trees and giant saguaro cacti provided scant shade from the glaring heat.

While waiting for Tom, Pete idly walked off a few yards to the side, looking for rocks and rattlesnakes. He didn't find any rattlesnakes, but he did stumble over a raised outcrop of dark quartz. The vein, about six inches wide, angled off in a southwesterly direction, then disappeared beneath prickly pear and loose rock. Exposed for only six feet, the discolored quartz protruded several inches above the surface of the ground.

Though not a prospector or mining man, and having a practically non-existent knowledge of minerals, Pete Powell still realized he had found something out of the ordinary. He kicked loose some of the weathered rock from the top of the vein. Picking up the pieces, Pete noticed their heavy weight. The specimens were dark, bluish-grey on the outside. When he broke one of them with another rock the afternoon sun bounced back sparkles of light from the shining silver core of the fresh break.

Pete stuck the samples in his pocket. Joined by Tom, they walked back to the car.

At a much later date, Pete said, "I didn't think anything about the stuff—just thought it was pretty rock. I threw the pieces in the trunk of the car."

"Could you pinpoint the location?" he was asked.

"Yes—more or less. When pulling back on the highway I noticed we were about a half-mile north of the 69'r Cafe."

SEVERAL MONTHS later Pete Powell had occasion to again visit his ailing mother in Prescott. Rummaging around in the trunk of the car he found the shining rocks. He took the samples with him when he visited a local rock shop.

"Can you identify these rocks for me?" he asked the owner.

"I sure can. You have pure galena, some of the best I've ever seen."

"What's galena?"

"The major ore of lead. Where did you find it?"

"Down on the desert between here and Phoenix."

"Let me tell you about galena. In this part of Arizona it usually has appreciable silver associated with it, sometimes as much as 100 ounces or more to the ton—maybe a little gold, also."

"Wow! I know where a whole vein of this stuff is."

"Well, if I were you I'd go back down there and stake a mining claim on it. Just where did you say you found it?"

Pete kept his mouth shut. He didn't talk any more.

THIRTY YEARS have passed since the original discovery of the shining lode. Although obviously rich, the first few samples were lost and never assayed.

Many times Pete Powell went back to where he thought he'd found the vein, but he couldn't relocate the rich galena. He hunted for it off and on for over ten years when circumstances permitted.

Then time came to leave for a new job in Nevada. Pete reluctantly gave up his silver dream, rationalizing that it was not the will of God that he find it. So he passed on the story to his friend. "Find it if you can, Bill. I'll hunt it no more!"

Yes, the rich vein is still there somewhere, just a few hundred yards at the most, west of the Black Canyon Highway—Interstate 17.

The old 69'r Cafe is gone, burned to the ground in 1969. Only a concrete slab occupied by a trailer remains. Next to this is a rockshop, a filling station, and several scattered dwellings. Desert Hills road, running east and west, crosses the highway on an overpass a few hundred feet to the north, then loops back to the buildings.

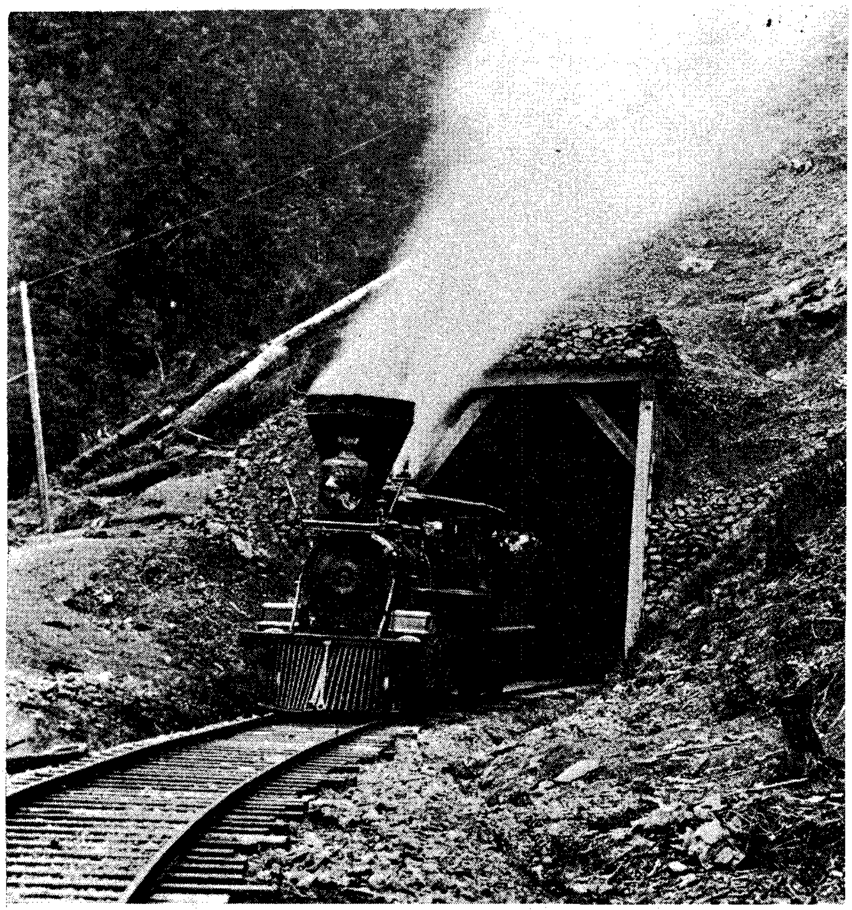
Do I think this bonanza can be found? Yes, either this one, or perhaps another as good or better. However, there are some obstacles to cloud the search.

Today New River is a progressive ranching and retirement center of about 900 people scattered out over ten square miles of mountains and desert. A recently constructed double-lane highway parallels the west side of the old, original two-lane road. It is assumed that bulldozer cuts for the new pavement would have exposed galena mineralization in the side ditches. Since no reports of this nature have come to light it can be reasoned that the lost lead/silver vein might still be found to the west of the highway.

The immediate area is a patchwork of private and highway property on State and Federal lands. If the lost vein is found, legal rights to the minerals can only be determined by a trip to the Bureau of Land Management in Phoenix for a careful search of land maps and pertinent records.

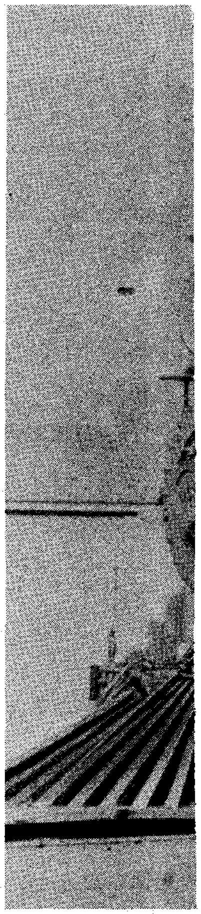
Since known ore veins in the vicinity strike northeast and southwest, careful prospecting in a southwesterly direction from the highway might bring discovery of the original lost vein, or some new outcropping of rich lead/silver ore.

The search area is small, less than a mile frontage on the highway, and not over three hundred yards back from the pavement. You just might be the prospector responsible for putting New River on the map as a new mining town!



How long does it take to make up fifteen minutes lost time on a dangerous track? In this instance, thirty-seven years and eight months...

By GEORGE B. ABDILL
Photos Courtesy Author



THE SAGA OF MIKE DEVANEY

THE ROAR of rushing waters and the loud hissing of steam escaping from broken pipes were punctuated by axe blows and the muted voices of men laboring in the rain on the banks of muddy Cow Creek. That stream, clear and placid in summer, was now a raging torrent swollen with rapidly rising flood waters.

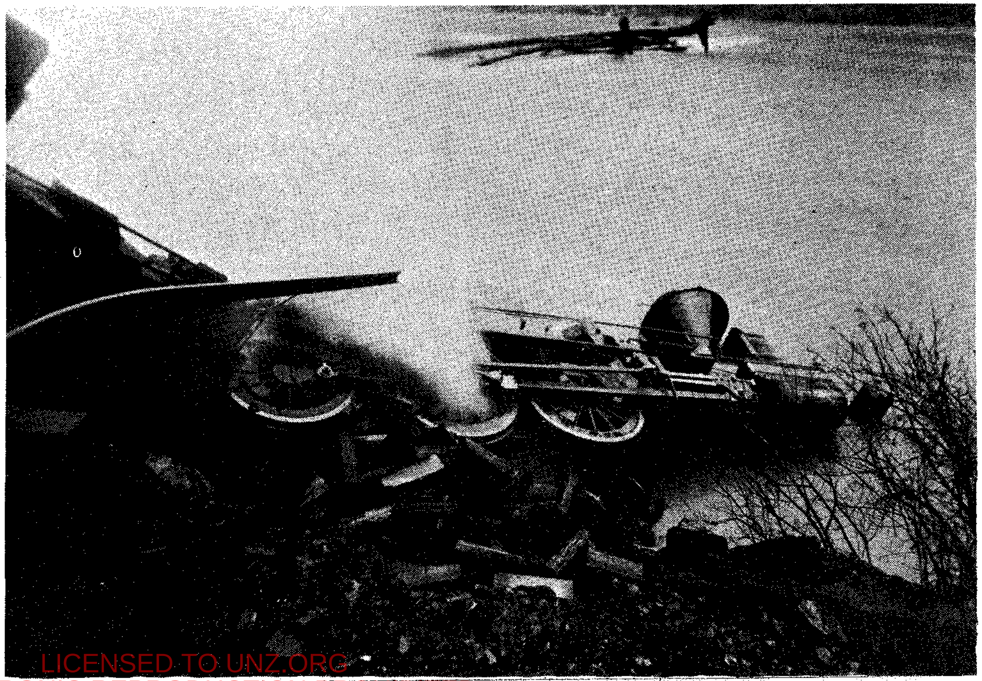
In the cab of the overturned wood-burning locomotive Mike Devaney was firmly trapped, his right leg pinned between the weight of the boiler and a drift log. In the shattered wreckage Engineer Jap Waite held Mike's head above the murky flood to keep him from drowning while fellow railroaders hacked away at the debris by the light of smoky kerosene lanterns as the muddy waters rose.

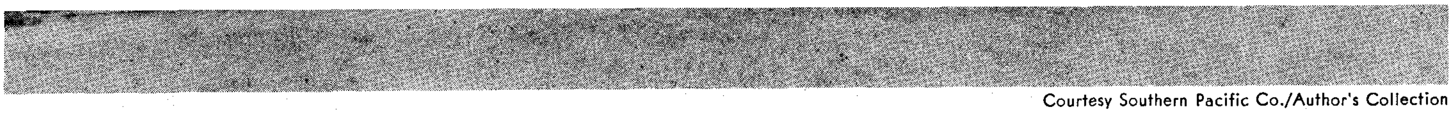
Michael Devaney had come a long way from his native home on the Emerald Isle to the scene of this tragic train wreck in southern Oregon on February 28, 1899. Born in County Sligo on December 18, 1862, when Mike was twelve years old his parents moved the Devaney family from Ireland to Canada, settling in Brigham, Quebec Province, not far from Montreal. Here Mike grew to manhood and here he met and wooed his beloved "Nellie"—Helena Harris of West Shefford, Quebec. The young couple was married on February 16, 1885 and two years later migrated to the United States, settling near Portland, Oregon.

Mike found a job with a pioneer orchardist named Lambert and worked for him for about a year, moving south to Grants Pass in 1888, where the husky young Irishman became a gandy dancer on a section gang of the Oregon & California Railroad.

Upper left—an early funnel-stacked locomotive of the Oregon & California Railroad at the portal of Tunnel No. 1 near the mouth of Cow Creek Canyon, during construction days in the early 1880s. Below, steam blows from the boiler of Engine 1770 as she lies on her side in the swirling waters of Cow Creek just after the wreck in 1899. The wood strewn on the bank in the foreground has spilled from her tender. Fireman Devaney was still trapped under the engine when this photo was taken.

Photos Courtesy Helena Joyaux/Author's Collection

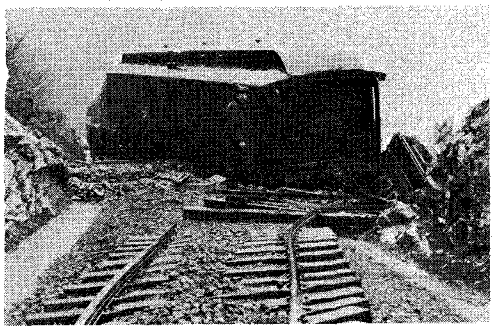


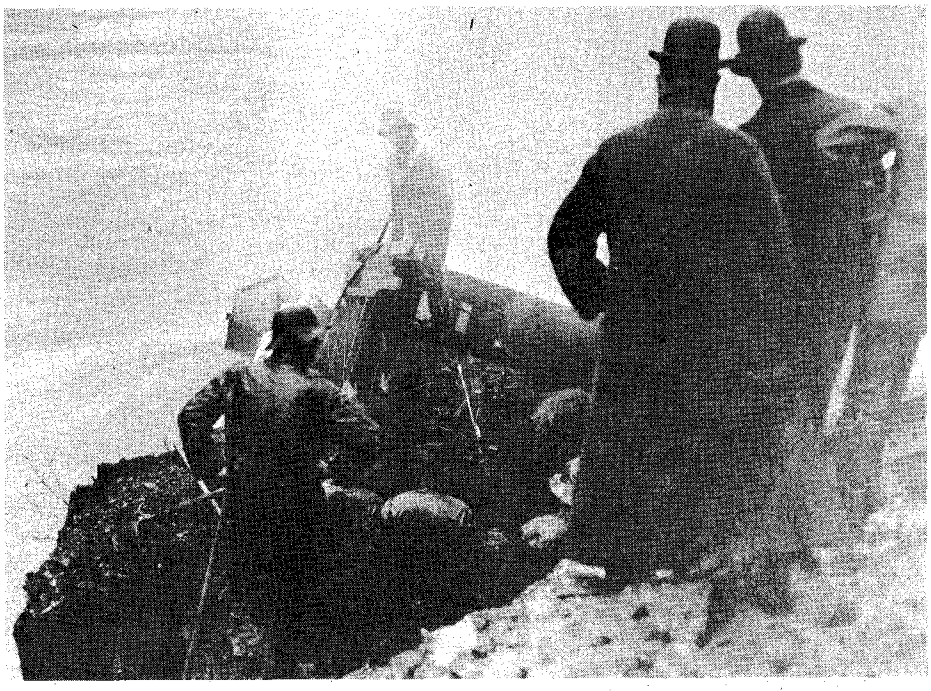


Courtesy Southern Pacific Co./Author's Collection

The Oregon & California Railroad started out from Portland in 1869 as the Oregon Central, building south toward the California border. The road was racing with a rival Oregon Central Railroad which was constructing a line down the west side of Oregon's fertile Willamette Valley, both companies competing for a vast land grant which the legislature had earmarked for an "Oregon Central Railroad" (hence the identical names). Ben Holladay, the Western stagecoach king, was expanding his transportation empire during this period and he threw his resources behind the Oregon Central road known as the "East Side Company," the result being that the Holladay-backed firm completed the required amount of trackage first and was awarded the land grant. Shortly after, the Holladay road was reorganized as the Oregon & California Railroad, the company which employed Mike.

The line reached Roseburg, Oregon in the fall of 1872, but the Holladay company was near collapse and it was not until 1881 that construction was resumed on the extension south from Douglas County. By 1884 the rails reached Ashland at the foot of the rugged Siskiyou

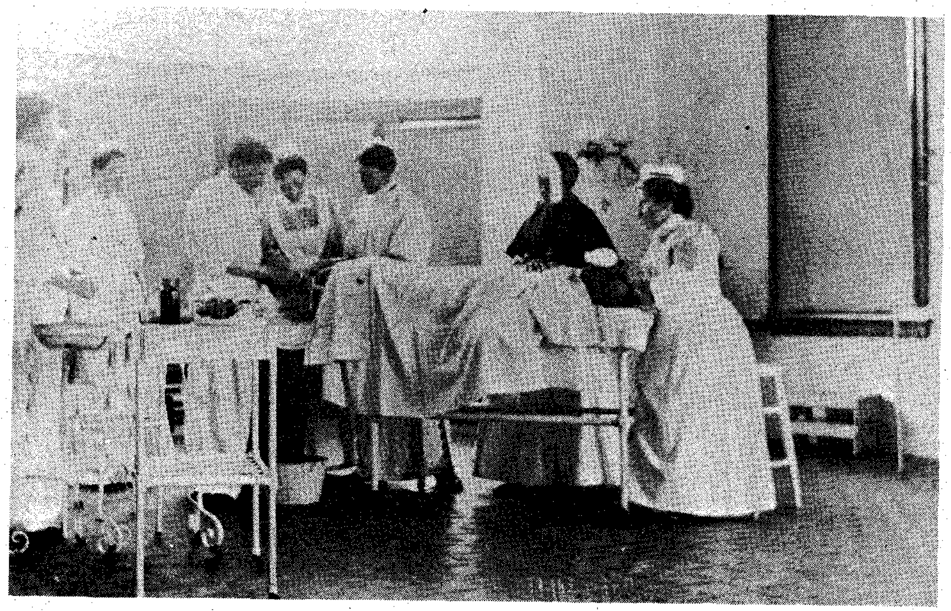




Top of page—Mike Devaney was selected to fire the special train carrying President Benjamin Harrison from Ashland to Roseburg, Oregon in 1891. He is shown in the cab of Engine 1403 at Ashland. Above, the express car of the Overland and a part of the tender of Engine 1770 as they appeared after the locomotive had gone over the bank and into the stream. The washout and rock slide which caused the accident can be seen at the left of the derailed express car. At right, railroaders labor in the driving rain in their efforts to free Devaney from the crushed cab of his locomotive. A photographer named Tollman from Vancouver happened to be aboard the wrecked train, and recorded the scenes for posterity.

Mountains, and in December 1887 the final gap in the rails was joined when the Oregon & California R.R. connected with the California & Oregon R.R., the latter having been steadily building north from Redding, California.

Roseburg, the county seat of Douglas County, was a railroad division terminal. From here the road ran south to Ashland, 144 miles of rugged railroading. The tracks threaded the crooked canyons of Cow Creek, darting through numerous tunnels and climbing the summits of two mountain ridges before descending into historic Rogue River Valley.



Above, this unusual photograph shows Mike Devaney on the operating table in St. Vincent's Hospital in Portland, Oregon, as surgeons and nurses prepare to amputate his leg. Below, Devaney behind the counter of the Cass Street cigar store in Roseburg, where he was employed while waiting for his leg to heal.

AFTER a year on the section gang, Mike was transferred to the Grants Pass roundhouse as an engine wiper. Locomotives were kept carefully cleaned and polished, and Mike's duties were to clean and wipe the running gear on the diamond-stacked woodburners operating out of the Grants Pass terminal. The locomotive fireman was held responsible for polishing the shiny boiler jackets and their brass bands, and for cleaning everything above the running board that led from the wooden cabs to the smokebox, while the running gear, connecting rods, cylinders and mechanical fittings were cleaned by wiper gangs in the roundhouses.

Fir was used for fuel, the wood being cut in two-foot lengths for ease in handling. Firing these engines with wood was no job for a weakling. An engine consumed as much as eighteen cords of wood on one trip over the 144 miles between Roseburg and Ashland.

In April 1890 Mike Devaney was promoted to the position of locomotive fireman. The young Irishman was strong and tireless and soon mastered the art of keeping up steam on the hard pulls through the mountains. Under the experienced tutoring of his engineers he learned the technical skill of operating a locomotive, train handling, and the operating rules laid down by the company. His hard work and the long hours of study paid off and he was soon promoted again—this time to locomotive engineer. The job paid much better, and the prestige engineers enjoyed in their communities meant even more.

Mike established a home for his family in the Roseburg terminal and the future looked rosy for him, his devoted Nellie, and their children.

All of this was to change tragically because of a seemingly minor event on the 28th of February 1899. Train No. 15, the southbound Overland Limited, was ready to depart from Roseburg but the call boy was unable to locate the fireman. No stand-by fireman was available, so the caller was sent to get Engineer Mike Devaney to fire the trip. Hurrying through the rainswept streets, Mike arrived at the wooden passenger station to find Engineer Jasper "Jap" Waite seated at the throttle of the big ten-wheeler, glancing anxiously at his watch as the minutes slipped by.

As soon as Mike climbed into the cab of Engine No. 1770, Conductor Ed Huston waved his lantern in a high-ball signal and Train 15 whistled off, steam blowing from the cylinder cocks as Jap Waite eased the slack out of the string of varnished passenger cars coupled behind him. Wood smoke billowed from the big diamond stack and the oil headlight cast a yellow glow through the driving rain and the inky blackness of the early morning hours. Number 15 rumbled down the main track through the rows of freight cars lining the yard tracks, then picked up speed as she cleared the switch and headed south.

In the warmth of the cab, Engineer Waite hooked up his reverse lever, crowding the speed a bit as he attempted to make up the fifteen minutes lost on his scheduled time while delayed in Roseburg. Mike Devaney had his work cut out for him, pitching the two-foot sticks of fir into the blazing firebox, regulating the water level in the boiler, and keeping a sharp lookout ahead when the tracks curved to his side of the engine.

Engine 1770 was nearly new, the big 4-6-0 or Ten Wheel type having been built in 1888 in the Sacramento shops of the parent Central Pacific Company. Originally numbered 243 on the Central Pacific's roster, she had recently been renumbered 1770 under the new Southern Pacific reclassification of motive power. The locomotive weighed 108,400 pounds and was fitted with 18" x 30" cylinders, giving her ample power for the steep grades on the Roseburg-Ashland run. Her 63" driving wheels were large enough to make her speedy on the level stretches of the line through the Rogue River Valley.

CREAM
SODA
ECTIONERY
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GARS
& TOBACCO.
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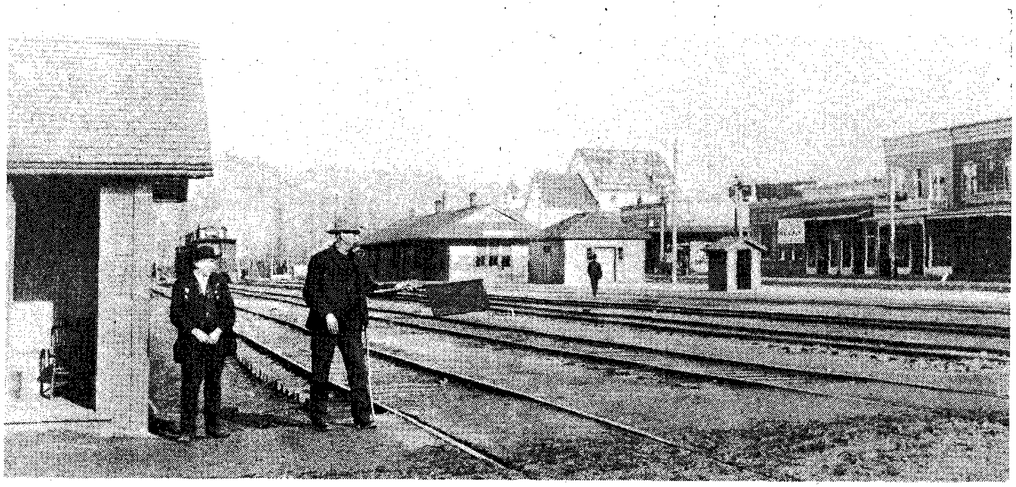

Fitted with an artificial limb and supported by one crutch, Mike Devaney demonstrates his duties as crossing watchman at Roseburg's Lane Street crossing.

Above, Mike Devaney and clerk Wilbur Ross in front of the cigar store where the injured engineer worked after his amputation. Below, the interior of the railroad's stationary boiler room, which furnished power for the shop facilities. Devaney kept this domain spotlessly clean, earning a commendation from railroad officials. The boiler at right is from a scrapped locomotive.

MIKE kept her steam gauge hovering near the 145-pound mark the safety valve was set for as the Overland pounded through Myrtle Creek and the covered wooden bridge which marked the last crossing of the Umpqua River. Climbing out of Missouri Bottoms, the train rushed past the darkened depot at Riddle and on across the Glenbrook flats to where the tracks entered Cow Creek Canyon.

The route thus far had led through settled farmlands, passing through such minor stations as Dillard, Round Prairie, and Ruckles. Glenbrook, a blind siding, was located where the waters of Cow Creek emerged from the canyon and ran north to enter the South Umpqua River near Riddle's station. From Glenbrook on south, the tracks ran for nearly thirty-two miles through the rugged confines of the canyon, a wild and isolated stretch of near-wilderness penetrated only by the railroad.

Some nineteen miles south of Glenbrook was the station of West fork, where Cow Creek was joined by its westward tributary. The only telegraph office between Riddle and Glendale was located at West Fork, but it was open only during daylight hours. A pack trail left West Fork and traversed the rugged mountains to the southwest, this used to carry mail and supplies to the settlement of Marial on the Rogue River.

The Overland was due out of Glenbrook at 5:18 a.m. and Jap Waite had managed to pick up a couple of the lost minutes on his schedule, but the situation was less than ideal for making up time. Several days of heavy rainfall and gusty winds had battered the region, booming the streams to capacity and soaking the earth of the cuts and fills. The canyon was a notorious place for slides and rock falls, with occasional trees toppling across the rails.

Early engines operating through the canyon when the track was first opened about five years before had been equipped with two huge oil headlights, one mounted in the conventional spot on a bracket on the smokebox just ahead of the engine's stack, and the second or auxiliary light placed on the pilot beam closer to the rails in an attempt to provide better illumination of the track ahead. The late Ed Payton, an engineer during Jap Waite's time, was asked in later years about the effectiveness of these oil headlights. His classic reply was, "They gave off just enough light to see to get killed by!"—meaning that a crew would have an opportunity to glimpse a fallen rock or tree just moments before crashing into it.

Waite and Devaney strained their eyes as their train clattered into the canyon, for the track from Rattlesnake Point on south was a series of one curve after another, the rails following the meanderings of Cow Creek. Rain blurred the cab windows as the train churned along in the gloomy darkness that preceded the winter dawn. And then, near Union Creek, disaster struck.

A ditch which served Frank Caine's placer mine, overburdened with runoff water from the storm, had burst its confines and sent a stream of mud, water and rocks flowing down the steep hillside onto the railroad track. The Overland Express, running at reduced speed, plowed into the debris before Jap Waite

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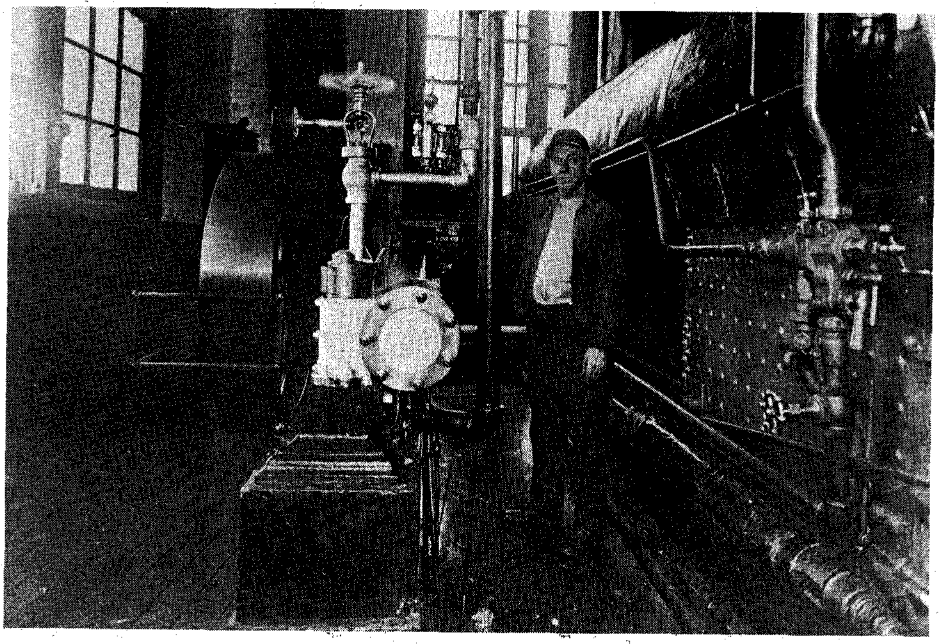


The Rodgers home.

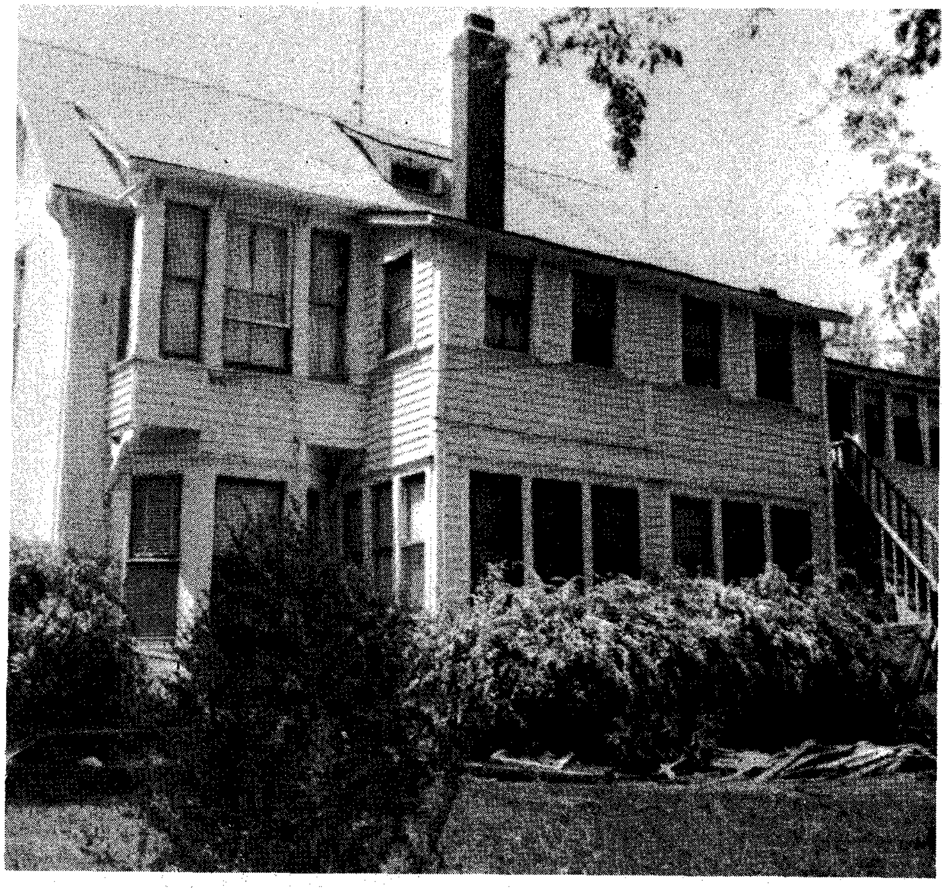
By CHARLOTTE M. OFFEN
Photos Courtesy Author

A common thief destroyed a family—and in so doing brought a law-abiding town down to his level

PENALTY FOR A MIDNIGHT ROBBERY

ON a bright spring morning, June 3, 1889, in Topeka, Kansas, Mrs. Alphonse Thompson Rodgers, a pretty, dark-haired woman, mother of two children, and wife of a prominent merchant-tailor, opened her kitchen door in response to a knock. Standing before her was a young man of the ordinary hobo type, traveling through the country and playing on the sympathy of householders, especially the wives. He was seeking work, so he said, but meanwhile was in need of food. His was an old story, but Malvina Rodgers listened to them all, then graciously gave food. She invited the man into her kitchen, seated him at a table and gave him breakfast. While he ate she prepared sandwiches which she placed in a paper bag for his future need.

Leaving the Rodgers home the stranger headed north toward what was known as a "hobo jungle" located along the Rock Island lines, only a few blocks away. Mrs. Rodgers closed and latched



Above, Mrs. A. T. Rodgers. At left, the Rodgers home as viewed from the backyard. Below, Alphonse Thompson Rodgers.

the screen door, turned her attention to household duties and gave no more thought to her caller. In future days others would call at her door with a similar story, and who could tell the worthy from the unworthy?

About 3:30 a.m. the next morning Alphonse Rodgers was awakened by a noise he assumed was coming from his seven-year-old daughter Rebecca's room. The child had been ill, and at the slightest noise the parents were alerted and one of them hurried to her side. Rebecca's room was just across the hall from that of her parents. The hallway opened onto the roof of a porch on the east side of the house. A door with a screen gave exit to the porch roof, and later it was learned the screen inadvertently had been left unlatched.

As Rodgers came into the hall he saw the figure of a man. In an instant the intruder raised a revolver and fired point blank. As soon as he shot, the man made a dash past Rodgers, running into the couple's bedroom. Here he opened a door, apparently assuming it as leading to the downstairs stairway, and it was here he made his fatal mistake. The door led to a large closet.

Before he could turn and make his escape, Rodgers, being a large and powerful man, grabbed him and forced him inside the closet. The assailant fired a second time. Although wounded by the first shot but evidently unaware of it, Rodgers fought the man with all his strength, showing rare courage in face of the gun in the intruder's hand.

Cowering in bed, Mrs. Rodgers realized the terrific struggle going on and hoped in some way to lend a hand. She jumped up and rushed to the closet door. Unfortunately the man spotted her and fired his gun, the bullet taking effect in her abdomen. In the excitement, she too failed to recognize that she was wounded. Rodgers finally threw the man to the floor and, seeing a chance, his wife caught the assailant's right hand and bit it until blood spurted from the wound.

Rebecca, in the meantime, had fled to the servant girl's room and shaken her awake. This Swedish girl, Mary Klinkerman, proved to have a remarkably cool and brave nature. She sprang up, lighted a nearby kerosene lamp, and ran into the bedroom where the Rodgers were struggling for their lives. Setting the lamp on a dresser she took a second to appraise the situation. The light revealed both Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers kneeling on the stranger. Mary noted the latter's gun, which later proved to be a .38 Smith and Wesson. Mary wrenched the gun free of the man's grasp.

"Take the gun!" she cried to Rodgers. He took it quickly and the next instant was raining blows upon the intruder's head.

"Don't kill me!" the wretch screamed. "I ain't took nuthin'! Let me go! I'm shot!"

Presumably still unaware he'd been mortally wounded, Rodgers continued to hold down his attacker and said, "Well, I'll be more merciful to you than you were to us. You would have killed both of us, but I don't want your blood on my hands. And you'd better get out of here fast before I change my mind."

Shamefacedly the man got to his feet, but took a moment to say, "You're a good man."

He then ran from the room and to the screen door which he hurriedly opened to make his escape. A few seconds later he was heard scrambling to the ground by way of a large post which supported

(Continued on page 54)

THAT TOPOGRAPHICAL

By CLAYTON W. WILLIAMS

Photos Courtesy Author

MOST West Texans have heard of historic Horsehead Crossing; yet, although in earlier times it was a very famous crossing, today no one can pinpoint its exact location. Horsehead was detested. It was a treacherous fording place and was surrounded by drab scenery.

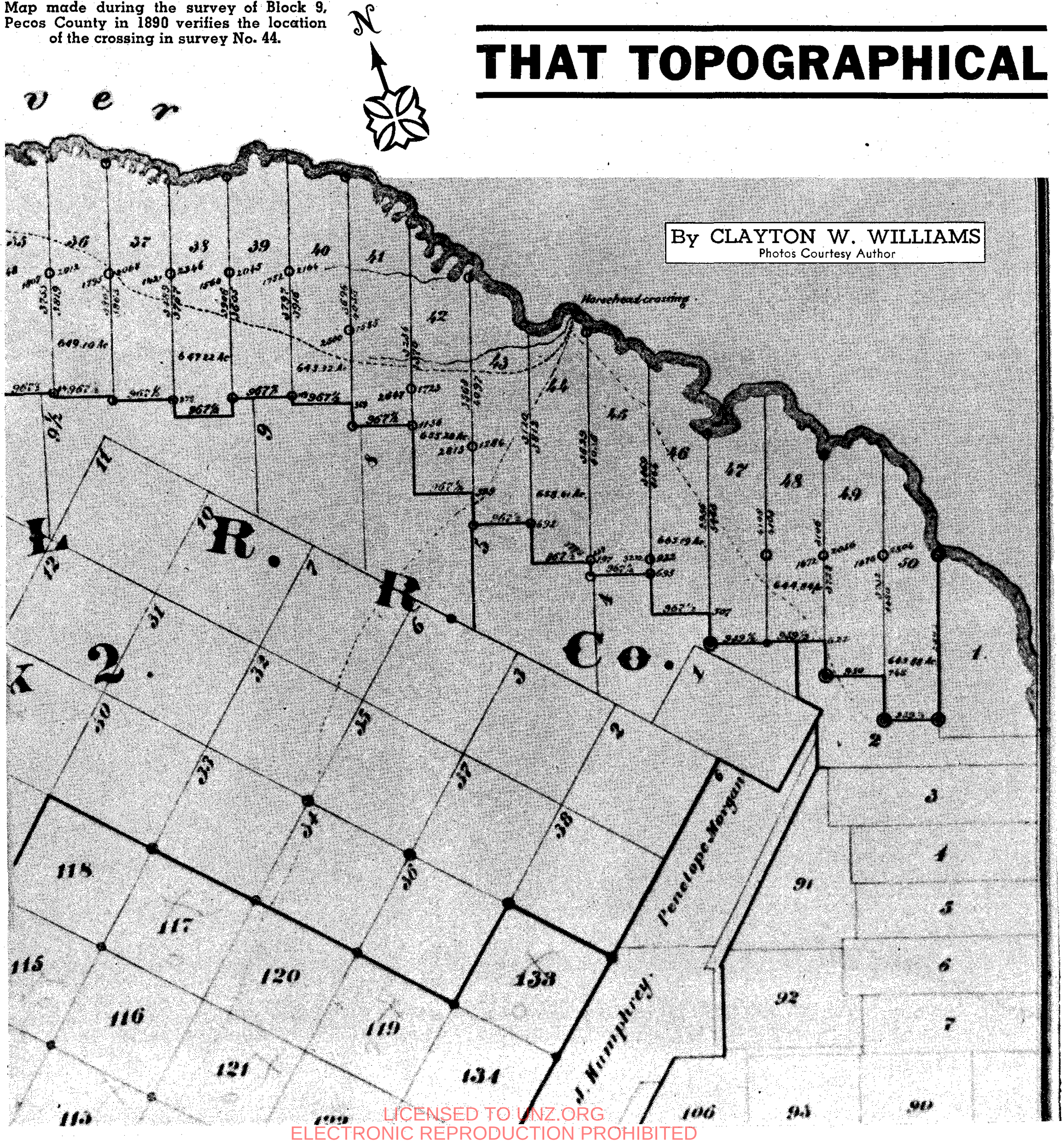
Along the 600 miles of the Pecos as the river slithered from the Sangre de Cristo Mountains in New Mexico and skirted the east side of the foothills of the Rocky Mountains to join the Rio Grande in West Texas were various other crossings. The Cibolas (Buffalo) Indians of the Presidio del Norte region used the Salt Trail to travel from their home on the Rio Grande to kill buffalo east of the river. They salted their meat at the salt lake just east of the Pecos in present Crane County. The old Salt Crossing they used was about ten miles above the site of Horsehead Crossing.

Members of Mendoza's 1684 expedition probably used the Salt Crossing although neither Salt nor Horsehead Crossing was mentioned. Mendozo described Castle Gap, a short distance to the northeast. He thought it possible the Pecos was as large as the Rio Grande, and because of its salty water he named it the Salado.

By 1800 the fierce Comanches had started depredating below the lower Rio Grande. In 1809 the Pecos was the division between Comanche and Apache territories in West Texas. During that period, the Comanches and Kiowas probably took the short-cut across Horsehead Crossing to raid Chihuahua, Coahuila and even Durango. Until the 1870s, the trail was hot with dreaded war parties heading to rob and kill the unarmed peons and take captives and stock from Mexico. September's period of full moon was known to the Mexicans as the Comanche Moon; to the Indians, as the Mexican Moon.

Dr. Henry Connelly was likely the first Anglo-American to cross the Pecos at Horsehead Crossing. With 100 men, including teamsters, herders, and 50 Mexican dragoons as an escort, Connelly took seven wagons of bullion from Chihuahua to Fort Dawson in 1839. Horsehead and Salt Crossings were the

Map made during the survey of Block 9, Pecos County in 1890 verifies the location of the crossing in survey No. 44.



GHOST - HORSEHEAD CROSSING!

only ones available to him, and it is assumed he took the former. The following year Connelly's wagontrain returned to Chihuahua and crossed the Pecos near the site of the town of Girvin. As they were towing their wagons across the river, 500 curious Comanches sat astride their ponies at a distance and solemnly watched the well-manned caravan.

When gold was discovered in 1849, emigrants increased the traffic across Horsehead Crossing in their wild dash to California. That same year the Ford-Neighbors party crossed at Horsehead in its search for a wagon trail from the settled portion of Texas to El Paso. They noted the skulls of horses on both sides of the crossing. The Comanche guide, Guadalupe, told them the ford was used frequently by Comanches and Kiowas on their war trail into Mexico. The ford got its name, Guadalupe said, because so many horses died there from being driven by the war parties from a watering place some sixty miles to the southwest, then drinking too much of the Pecos water. Despite this explanation it is a mystery why only the horses' heads remained, and not their other bones. It is possible that the pumas of the region dragged away any bones that had much meat on them.

During that same year, some fifteen miles south of Horsehead, Captain William Henry Chase Whiting's reconnoitering party, also in search of a route to El Paso, came upon what he described as "a large Comanche war path—which filled us with much astonishment, close together, 25 deep, worn, and much used trails made a great road, which told us that this was a highway by which each year the Comanche of the north desolated Durango and Chihuahua." Upon following that trail south 20° west for some five miles, Whiting camped at a spring since named Antelope and later Agua Bonita.

ON the return trip to Horsehead Crossing in 1849, Ford and Neighbors considered the west bank of the Pecos more suitable for a wagon road. The ford at Horsehead had a firm bottom, low banks and shallow water compared to other points on the river. Yet even it was considered too deep to ford and a ferry was suggested for its use. Gold rushers, hundreds of miles from civilization, were floating their wagons across by means of empty water kegs strapped to the wagon bottoms. One foresighted man had built his own wagon bed in the sealed tight form of a boat. He aided other emigrants in getting their baggage across.

In July, Lieutenants Bryan and Smith, with their survey crew, floated their baggage across Horsehead Crossing, using spare wagon tongues strapped to empty water casks.

The Pecos was never noted for its beauty. Lieutenant S. G. French, who was with Joseph E. Johnston's survey party in 1849, observed: "The river was remarkable: its bushless and treeless 250 miles of steep banks hardly allowed an animal to approach its water in safety; its narrow, deep, extremely crooked channel with rapid, turbid and bitter waters carried a mechanical solution with more impurities than perhaps any other river in the south. The only inhabitants of its waters are catfish; and the antelope and the wolf alone visit its dreary, desolate shores; it's avoided even by the Indians."

> For three-quarters of a century this ford was like the eye of an old-fashioned button. East-West or North-South, the Pecos was threaded at Horsehead. Yet today it's as hard to locate as if it had never existed

During the remainder of the year, and the first part of 1850, the Horsehead route took its toll from the emigrants' horses, oxen and wagons. Bones, carcasses, and wagon parts were scattered along the trail as reminders that only the strongest survived in this harsh, cruel land.

In 1850, John R. Bartlett's party left its last settlement at Fredericksburg, Texas bound for Horsehead Crossing, and had the following experience: "October 30th: After our fatiguing march of two days and one night without rest, we slept pretty late this morning; even the expectation of a fine beefsteak for breakfast could hardly induce either officers or men to turn out. After breakfast, I examined the river with a view of crossing, intending to devote the day to it, and recruit our tired animals. Found the water at the Horsehead Crossing, which was a quarter of a mile from our encampment, to afford the greatest facilities. Here there was a bank about half the height of the main bank, to which there was an easy descent, and one equally so to the water. It is the place where other parties seem to have crossed, and hence rendered easy access. I notice a long line of horse or mule skulls placed along the bank, which probably gave it the name in bears.

"On sounding the river to ascertain its depth, we found that our ambulances [i.e. wagons mounted on springs] would pass over without wetting their contents. We therefore unloaded all the wagons but those on springs; and placing their contents in the latter, we succeeded in passing all our provisions, baggage, etc., over with but little trouble. . . . I remained with Dr. Webb and Mr. Thurber until all were over, except one empty wagon. This being quite low, its box would be partly immersed in the water; an ambulance was accordingly sent back for us, and for the contents of my carriage. We entered the stream, which just touched the bottom of the ambulance, but not without some fears, as experience had shown that the best and most gentle mules cannot always be depended upon.

"When we reached about two thirds the distance across, or some thirty feet from the opposite bank, the mules either lost their footing, or were swept by the current into deeper water, a little out of the course taken by those which passed over before. Unable to contend against the force of the water, which was almost on a level with their backs, the leaders turned their heads down stream. The teamster, who was mounted as usual on one of the mules next to the wagon, endeavored in vain to bring them to their places with their heads towards the shore.

"The frightened creatures could not maintain their footing; and in struggling to extricate themselves, they extended their alarm to the other mules, who began to rear and prance in the water.

"Just at this moment, the last wagon, which had been behind, attempted to pass us, the driver thinking the other mules would follow his team; but in the attempt, the current swept his wagon, which was half buried in water, against ours. This brought his mules nearly abreast of mine, and led to greater confusion and alarm. Every moment we expected to be swept away; in which case our lives would have been in great danger, as it would have been no easy matter to extricate ourselves from the close wagon.

"I could do nothing but call for assistance from the party on the opposite bank, who stood watching our progress and critical situation with breathless suspense. Mr. Clement Young, seizing the end of a picket rope which lay on the bank, sprang into the river, without stopping to divest himself of his clothing, and came to our relief. With great difficulty he succeeded in attaching the rope to the leading mules. Several other gentlemen mounted their horses and sprang into the water at the same time, some to urge the mules towards the shore, and others to extricate the two wagons. The picket rope was now seized by those on the bank, who, pulling with all their strength, brought the heads of the leading mules towards it. The teamsters then putting on the lash, and the horsemen in the water urging our animals forward, they relieved us from our perilous situation, and we gained the bank in safety.

"My carriage was now brought over by lashing beneath it a few empty kegs, with two men in the water to keep it steady. A rope was taken ahead, by means of which the men on the opposite bank drew it safely across. We now pitched our tents, corralled the wagons, and, after a hearty supper, turned in for the night."

SOME IDEA of the extent to which the Indians raided into Mexico after passing Horsehead Crossing can be visualized from the size of the Mexican claims for the states of Chihuahua and Nuevo Leon during the year 1853. The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo provided that the United States would be responsible for the damage done in Mexico by the Indians of the United States. The residents of Chihuahua claimed a whopping $3,494,201 as the value of stock stolen from its boundaries by Indians from the United States, and Nuevo Leon sent a $1,653,439 bill. Both of these Mexican states were raided by Comanches and Kiowas who crossed the Rio Grande on trails leading from Horsehead Crossing. The warpath spotted by Whiting's party of twenty-five deep, worn and much used trails was a part of the evidence—the warpath was the Indian road to Chihuahua. In 1855 two little half-starved Mexican boys, eight and ten, were picked up by a supply train from Fort Davis headed for Pope's test well for water on the Pecos. They had been captured in Mexico by the Comanches, but the wily youngsters had escaped at Horsehead Crossing by slipping off their horses and stealing away while herding the remuda across the ford.

From 1858 to 1859 the famous Henry Skillman drove the Butterfield stage up the Pecos en route to El Paso. In the latter year the route was altered to cross the Pecos at Horsehead Crossing and go through Forts Stockton and Davis to El Paso. The company had a "miserable station" about one-quarter mile above the crossing.

During 1859 Anson Mills, en route to El Paso on the Butterfield Stage, came to the stage station near the Pecos River. The Indians had stolen the station's stock and supplies. The party was forced to remain there for several days until relief came. The army had established a few posts in west Texas. Fort Davis had lain cozy and hidden in the Davis Mountains some 110 miles southwest of Horsehead Crossing since 1854, and Fort Lancaster under the caprock of Lancaster Hill, some seventy-five miles down the Pecos, since 1855.

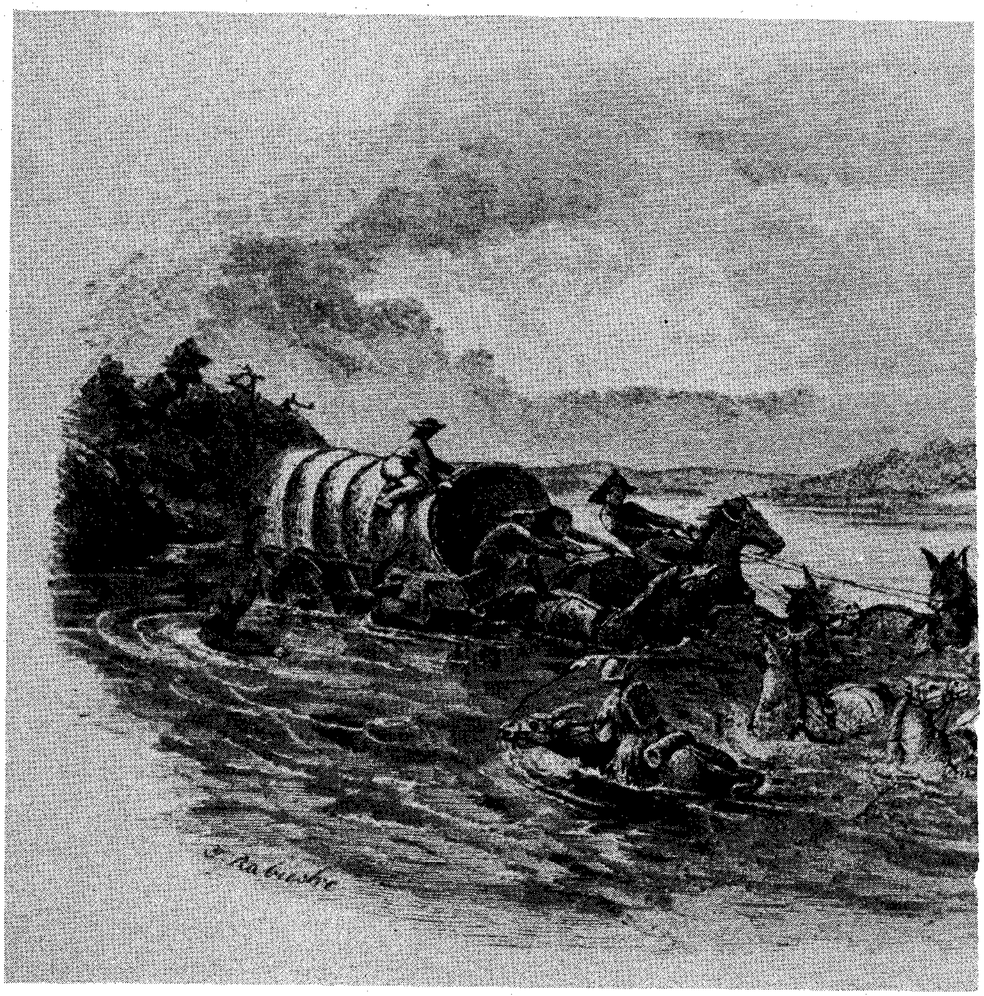


Illustration from Bartlett's *Explorations and Incidents in Texas, Sonora and Chihuahua.*

Fort Stockton was set up with one company of infantry as a camp and later dignified by the name of fort in 1859 because people of commercial and emigrant wagontrains and other travelers were demanding more protection from the Indians over the hundreds of miles across unsettled West Texas. Fort Stockton was located on the headwaters of Comanche Creek, on the great Comanche War Trail, about thirty-three miles southwest of Horsehead. It did little good sitting astride the Comanche War Trail, manned only with foot soldiers; however, the warriors did do the soldiers the courtesy of skirting the fort, and it furnished a place of refuge between Forts Lancaster and Davis.

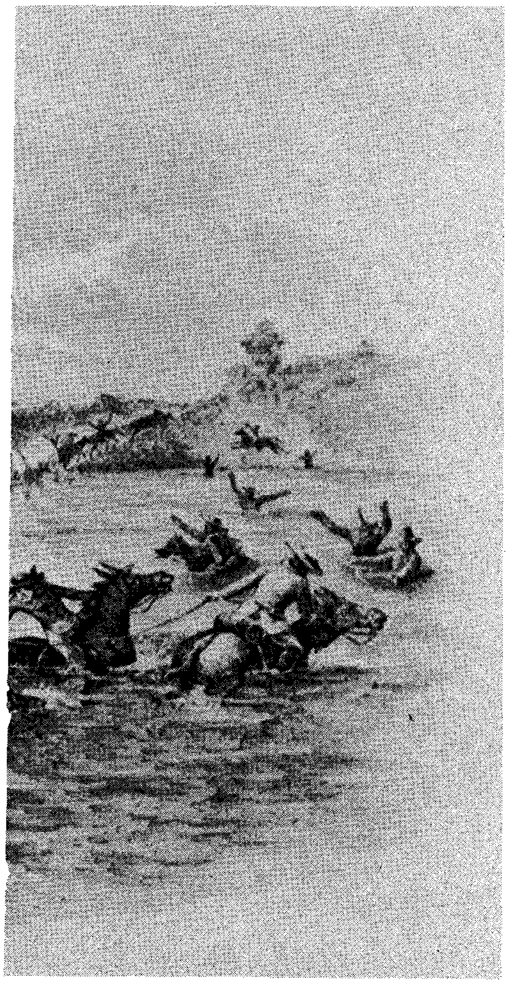
During the same year, 1859, the 2nd Cavalry gave the Comanches and Kiowas on the plains a hard time and forced many of them to move out into regions unknown to the soldiers. Reports reached the army that a large band of Comanches was located in Mexico. Anticipating that this band would likely play havoc with the few military posts and commerce across West Texas, a Pecos Expedition composed of several companies of the 2nd Cavalry set up an encampment known as Camp Van Camp, which was adjacent to the Comanche War Trail and just twenty-three miles southwest of Horsehead Crossing. One company of that expedition moved down into Mexico on the Trail, joined some Mexican forces and defeated a small band of Indians. The other companies searched along the banks of the Pecos up to and around the Guadalupe Mountains. Indians probably watched them all the way up and back, yet the search never resulted in any contact with the hostiles.

In January 1860, the State Legislature passed acts granting charters for the construction of two toll bridges over the Pecos—one where Butterfield stage crossed at Horsehead and the other near Fort Lancaster—but the Civil War interrupted these projects, and neither bridge was constructed.

During the war various emigrants departed Texas to avoid any obligation either way concerning that contest. Some of them crossed at Horsehead when nearly all the forts in West Texas had been abandoned. Presidio del Norte and El Paso were the nearest establishments to the west, and the sparse settlements of Texas were some 200 miles to the east.

A caravan of about 23 families, 1050 head of cattle, 70 yoke of extra oxen, and 120 yoke of steers to pull the wagons was en route to California in 1865. It was attacked by Indians while camped for the night in Castle Gap. All of the stock was lost except the work oxen and a few saddle horses. While a few men went to search for the stolen stock, the remaining thirsty animals were driven to the Pecos.

R. J. Newton, one of the party, later described the experience at Horsehead Crossing: "The Pecos was a dangerous stream, made so by quicksands, and when the famished steers came in sight of the water, the men lost control over them. The poor beasts rushed pell mell into the river, the hindmost crowding the foremost into the treacherous quicksands and only 19 steers, and nine and a half yoke, out of 120 yoke were saved. Two hundred and twenty-one of our oxen died in the Pecos."



CROSSING THE PECOS.

According to the 70th Anniversary edition of the San Angelo (Texas) *Standard Times*, a girl accounted for her experiences at Horsehead Crossing during the same period of time: "Before we reached that stream [Pecos River] the Indians slipped in and stole all our horses. We were driving a number of loose cattle in order to have fresh oxen in case our teams gave out. The poor men were compelled to trudge through the deep scorching sand on foot and drive the cattle. So when we reached the Pecos River at Horsehead Crossing, we found it a raging torrent.

"The captain said we must cross, for we started with only enough provisions to do us across and if we delayed we would run out, with no chance to get any more. . . .

"Empty water barrels were lashed to a wagon-bed, which was fastened to the running gear of the wagon. Four yoke of oxen were hitched to the wagon and this was made to serve as a ferry boat to cross all the party and equipment, with men and oxen swimming the river time after time."

THE CIVIL WAR finally ended. General Shelby's disgruntled Confederates marched through Texas and deep into Mexico to join Maximilian's efforts to capture Mexico. They were turned down. Local folklore says that Maximilian, fearful of losing his control of part of Mexico and having his financial rug yanked out from under him, sent either his fortune or that of his beautiful wife, Carlotta, out of Mexico through West Texas by wagontrain. While bound for a port in Texas by this roundabout route, the members of the train were attacked and killed.

All kinds of legends abound in West Texas—they filter in from both sides of the Rio Grande—about the massacre of the guards and members of the Maximilian wagontrain, the size of the fortune, the location of the buried treasure. Fortune hunters have dug all around Castle Gap, seeking Maximilian's hoard. They have even dug along the roads around that area.

Almost 100 years after this incident was supposed to have happened, I received a telephone call, and later a letter from a Mr. John C. Gage, a lawyer of Kansas City, concerning a report given him by some of his clients. As it concerns the incident in question and the location of Horsehead Crossing, I quote it:

"I called you today regarding a man by the name of Dave Shepherd, who was reported to have lived for many years around Horsehead Crossing. As I mentioned in my telephone conversation, I received some information from a U. S. Ranger friend of mine that you had done considerable research on this area.

"According to the information I have, Dave Shepherd originally came from the Independence area, just east of Kansas City, and was a nephew of a member of the Jesse James Gang. Dave Shepherd was convicted of train robbery and after serving a prison term, went to Texas. There was an article written about him in a *magazine*, *supposedly true*, by one W. R. Draper. [Mr. Draper was an employee of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railroad and later Receiver for the defunct organization.] I have been unsuccessful in locating Mr. Draper, but he states in the article that he was an employee of the Orient Railroad Company and that Dave Shepherd came into the office in Kansas City and asked about the railroad's next homeseeker's excursion to the Pecos River country. He states that this was in July 1909, and that he arranged with him to leave July 4th, telling him that the company would on that date open up a 60,000 acre tract of irrigated land and he would see to it that he had a first choice of the farms. Dave Shepherd asked him if the excursion went past Horsehead Crossing and he replied that it did and then Dave Shepherd told him a story about a gold treasure supposedly hidden in caves around Horsehead Crossing by his father and uncle. His story went somewhat as follows:

"His father and uncle had quarreled with Jesse and Frank James and had quit the James Gang and gone to San Antonio, Texas, in 1866. With forty adventurers they joined the Mexican army to fight under Emperor Maximilian. While thus serving the Shepherds learned that Maximilian was secretly exporting gold by wagontrain to Galveston. In March, 1867, one of Maximilian's trains, consisting of 15 wagons and guarded by 30 Mexican soldiers, arrived at Presidio on the Rio Grande River. The two Shepherd brothers were acting as guides. When the wagontrain reached Fort Stockton it was misguided north instead of east. The Shepherds planned to eventually guide the train to Missouri, but at Horsehead Crossing the soldiers guarding the train went on a spree and started shooting one another and the Shepherds killed the survivors and took over the train supposedly hiding the bulk of the Mexican pesos, worth about $200,000, in small caves in the sandstone bluffs along the north side of the Pecos River near Horsehead Crossing.

"The author of this article, W. R. Draper, states that he went on to Buena Vista, Texas, with Dave Shepherd and then took him back to the Horsehead Crossing area and that under a contract they searched many caves full of rattlesnakes and finally did locate about 4,000 Mexican gold pesos in ten and twenty pieces which were divided up.

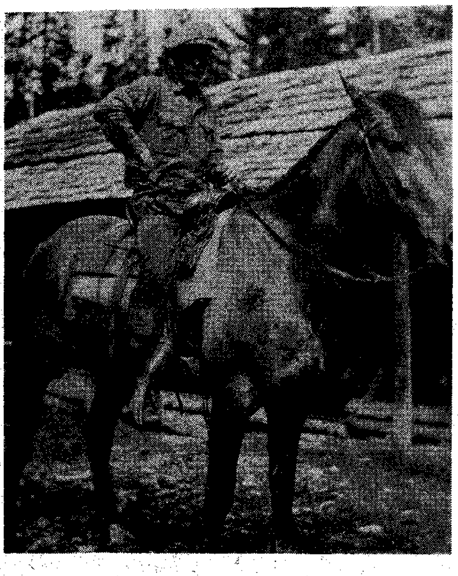
"He states that he then tried to talk Dave Shepherd into buying an irrigated farm, but he said that he was not a farmer and wanted some of the land that had caves on it where they had discovered the gold. He therefore arranged for him to buy four sections at $1.50 an acre and closed the deal. He stated that Dave Shepherd never found any more gold, but in March, 1925, he went to his place as an agent for an oil company and offered him $10,000 for an oil lease on his land which was by then a goat ranch, got him to sign the lease and oil was discovered on the land.

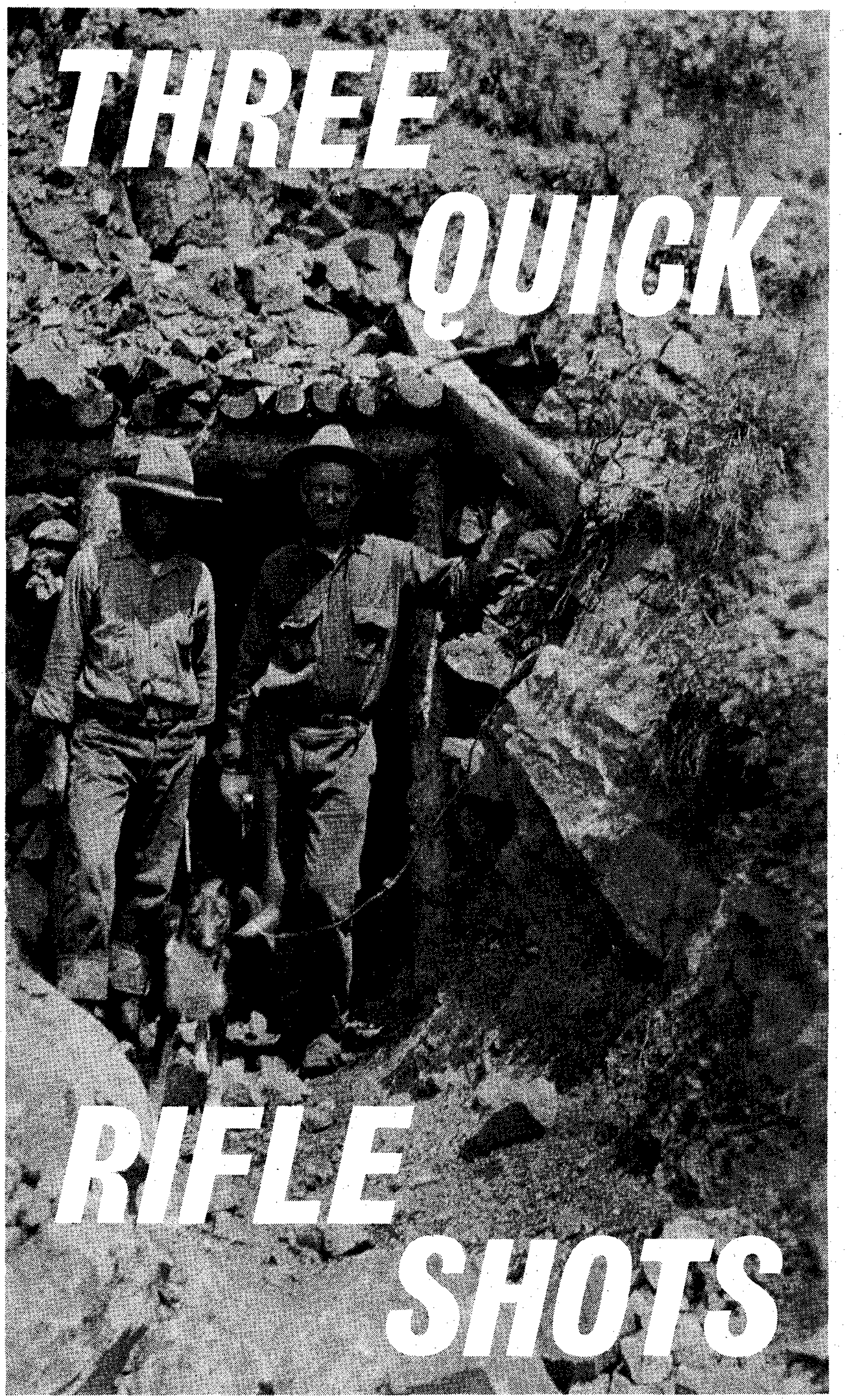
"We have some information that there was an Associated Press dispatch with Midland, Texas, dateline some time ago with reference to the death of a Dave Shepherd who seemed to meet this description and that he left a large unclaimed estate, but all other leads as to whether he really owned any land, where he died, and what he left, have so far been fruitless. We have been unable to trace down the A. P. dispatch to date. According to what little information we have, it appears probable that Dave Shepherd may have died around 1950, give or take a few years. It is of course possible that he was under an assumed name, although the name Dave Shepherd is his family name, and some of the relatives I represent are named Shep-

(Continued on page 50)

THREE QUICK RIFLE SHOTS

—a wilderness SOS for trouble—and trouble comes in all sizes!





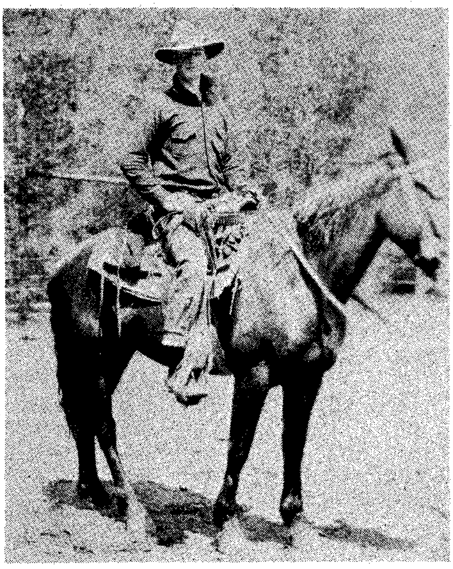
Above, Noel Routson on July 3, 1925 at the Werdenhoff Mine. At right, John Routson (on right) and son-in-law Harvey Bowman at the mouth of the tunnel where the explosion occurred.

By NOEL ROUTSON

Photos Courtesy Author

IN June 1923 my father John, my brother Emmit, and I were at the Werdenhoff Mine near Big Creek, Idaho on Smith Creek. I was thirteen and my brother was fifteen. Dad had the mail contract from Warren to Clover, Idaho, a distance of sixty miles. In the summer he carried the mail by pack horse and during the winter he packed the mail on his back, using snowshoes to break trail. The limit was fifty pounds by back-pack and 150 pounds by pack horse. The round trip took one week, and the camps were stationed every twenty miles. There were two summits to cross over—Warren Summit, 7000′ elevation and Elk Summit, over 9000′. One could expect around seven feet of snow in the higher country and from one to two feet at lower elevations.

Emmit Routson on July 2, 1925 at Smith Creek.



While Dad was carrying the mail one winter, one of his camps was at the old Scott cabin on Smith Creek. The cabin had been stocked with supplies and wood. Then there was a plain, old tomcat called "Tom." Dad cut a hole in the bottom of the door and let heavy canvas hang down over the opening so the cat could go and come at will. Plenty of prepared food was always left for him.

Dad would be gone about four days a week and usually his day to arrive at the cabin would fall on Wednesday. Time after time, on the right day, sometimes a mile or more before arriving at the cabin, Dad would look down the trail and there, coming to meet him, was Tom, jumping in leaps in order to negotiate the deep snow. From there on to camp, Tom was put on top of the pack-sack and there he would purr and purr his thanks.

John Routson examines an old Werdenhoff Mine building.

Sometimes when new, deep snow would throw Dad a day late, he could always see where Tom had been out on the trail to meet him the day before. We never could figure out how the cat knew the day of the week.

But to go on with the main story, Dad left Emmit and me at the Werdenhoff to cut out a buckboard road down Smith Creek to connect with Big Creek Headquarters, a distance of six miles, while he carried the mail.

I remember those happy days my brother and I spent on the road that summer. Neither of us knew much about road work but we could use the cross-cut saw and double-bit ax to perfection. We knew the principles of dynamite handling but hadn't learned how much it took to do a job. To get rid of a small stump that was causing a lot of trouble we dug down to the tap root and placed seven sticks of 60% dynamite under it. I can still see that stump sailing over the tops of the pine trees—where it hit I will never know! This was a lesson we never forgot. We worked the rest of the day filling in the hole.

In July Dad hired a man to carry the mail for him while he worked with us at the Werdenhoff to do the assessment requirements on his quartz claims. The first morning Dad and Emmit decided to clean out the tunnel and get ready for hand drilling while I went to get the horses. We needed one to drag in mining timbers. The horses had the whole country to run in so it was always a job to track them down and listen for the bell which one of them wore.

I went along with Dad and Emmit to the tunnel portal, which was on my route, and helped run the wheelbarrow for awhile before going on my errand.

I had gone perhaps a mile and a half, tracking the horses, when I heard three quick rifle shots. We had been taught that this signal meant "Help," so I started back, moving fast over an old game trail. Soon I arrived at the Werdenhoff cabins and there I found Dad unconscious, with my brother working frantically to revive him. We heated water and put hot water bottles around his legs and covered him with wool blankets. He was very cold and shaking from shock. After about a half-hour, he started talking and was in terrible pain.

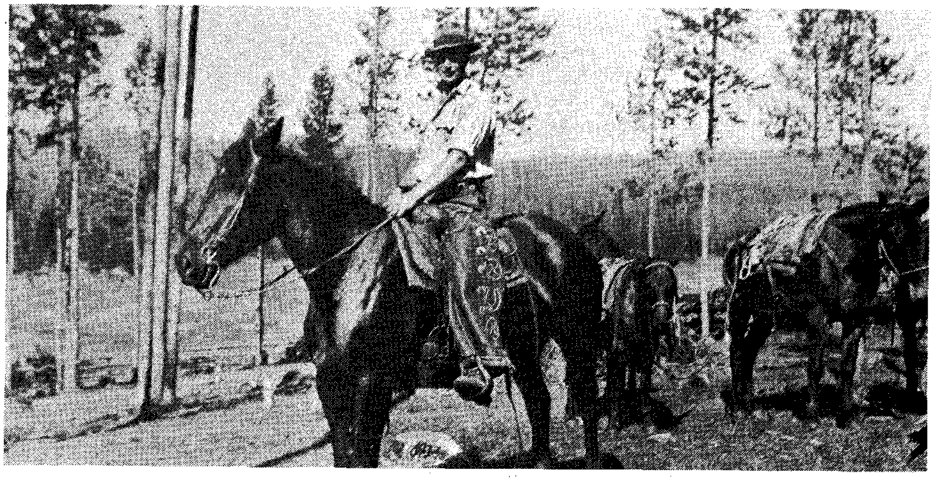
This is what happened: The fall before, Dad had stored some powder, fuse and blasting caps inside the tunnel on some timber lags, in a safe place. When the mucking out was complete that day, Dad put seven sticks of powder, side by side, in the wheelbarrow and set a full box of blasting caps (open) by the powder. The wheelbarrow was on the dump of the tunnel in the sun so that they would all dry. After a few minutes Dad made a primer (putting a fuse in a blasting cap) to test if the caps were good after being in the tunnel all winter. (They *could* draw dampness.)

He split the end of the fuse in order to light it; then after it was going—and not thinking—he passed the spitting fuse over the open box of caps. The sparks from the fuse detonated the open box of caps and they in turn detonated the seven sticks of dynamite. Dad was standing between the handles of the wheelbarrow so he received the full impact of the blast. It threw him back against Emmit, who was standing at his back, and they both ended up twenty feet away against a wall of rock near the tunnel portal. Dad was knocked unconscious and my brother was dazed but was soon able to stagger to his feet.

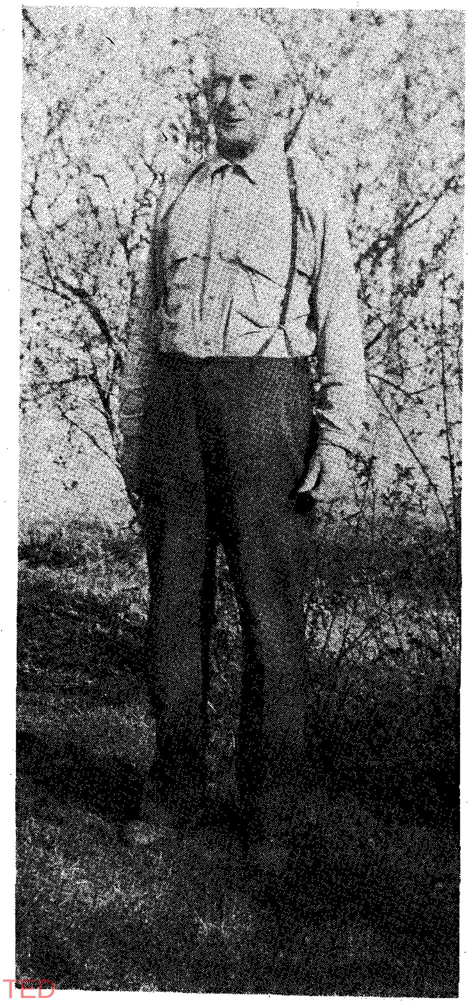
My father was a big man, around 190 pounds, and my brother weighed about 220 pounds. It was over a half a mile from the tunnel to the cabin, down a

(Continued on page 60)

Emmit Routson in September 1935.



John Routson at age 89 (1961).

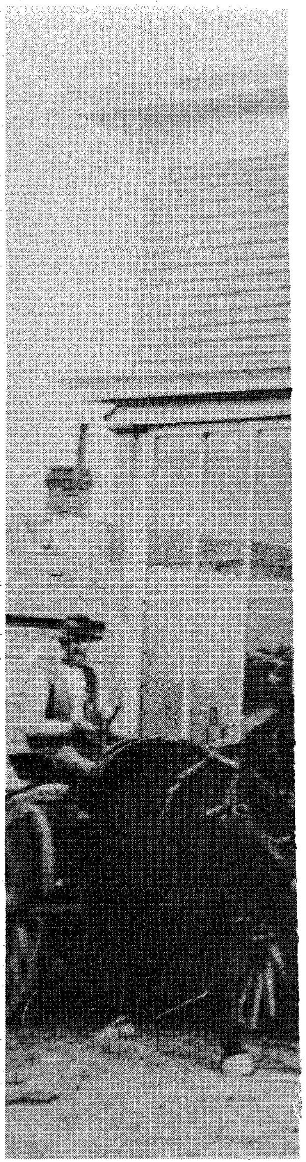


By JUANITA DENNIS

Photos Courtesy Author

WHAT'S THE USE OF GOING ON?

Barbed wire, the six-shooter, the windmill—sure, they won the West. But other things did, too, on a much lesser scale—for instance a sewing machine and a boy's toy wagon!



WHEN my mother learned that her husband had been killed in a train wreck, she did not cry. She said, "We will carry out his plans for us." Papa John, my step-father, had gone south to stake out a claim for us in Oklahoma or Kansas, and had written that it was located just two miles from the line between these states. He said he would build a house there that he could bring us to, and that Mama should sell our house in Kansas City and get ready for the move because we must be in residence by the first of September. Sometimes his letters came from Tyrone, Oklahoma and sometimes from Liberal, Kansas because our claim was between these two towns.

Mama sold our house, with possession to be given the fifteenth of August. Then she made over Papa John's and her spare clothing for us children, and either sold or gave away the things that she knew we could not take with us. The bulkiest things that she took were her sewing machine and my brother Roger's red wagon.

Roger had been our own father's favorite, so he had not taken kindly to the idea of having a step-father, but Papa John and I got along fine. We had mended the fence and planted the garden together.

"Will you keep it watered and weeded while I am gone, Juanita?" he asked me. I promised him I would, and I did.

MR. MILLER, the man who had located Papa John on the claim, met us at the depot and piled our bundles into his buggy. He was a stocky and moderately short man with white hair and I thought, "I wonder whose grandfather he is."

"The depot agent said to tell you that you may leave your things in the railroad storeroom until you can get your horse and wagon and go out to your claim," he told Mama. Then he added, "I can't tell you how sorry we all were to learn that John was on his way back to Kansas City when that train was wrecked." *Then* Mama cried. The tears ran down her face while the old man patted her back and said, "There. There now. You are home with Molly and me now."

He took us to their three-room house and Molly gave us a good hot supper and made pallets for us on the floor of their living room.

"You let Luther arrange things for you," she counseled Mama. "He knows everybody around here."

A Mr. Brown ran the livery stable. He had four growing daughters, so when Luther told him that Mama had a sewing machine, those two men made a deal for Mama to sew to pay part of the cost of the horse and wagon.

"But you must establish your residence first," Mr. Miller told her. "Then come back and stay with Molly and me. The Browns haven't room enough to put you up, but we do."

Mama drove to the railroad storeroom and got our things. Then she went to the general store and bought a can of kerosene, a box of groceries, some oats for the horse, and some coal. When she came back, Mr. Miller drove to our claim and we followed him in our spring wagon drawn by our horse Bonnie.

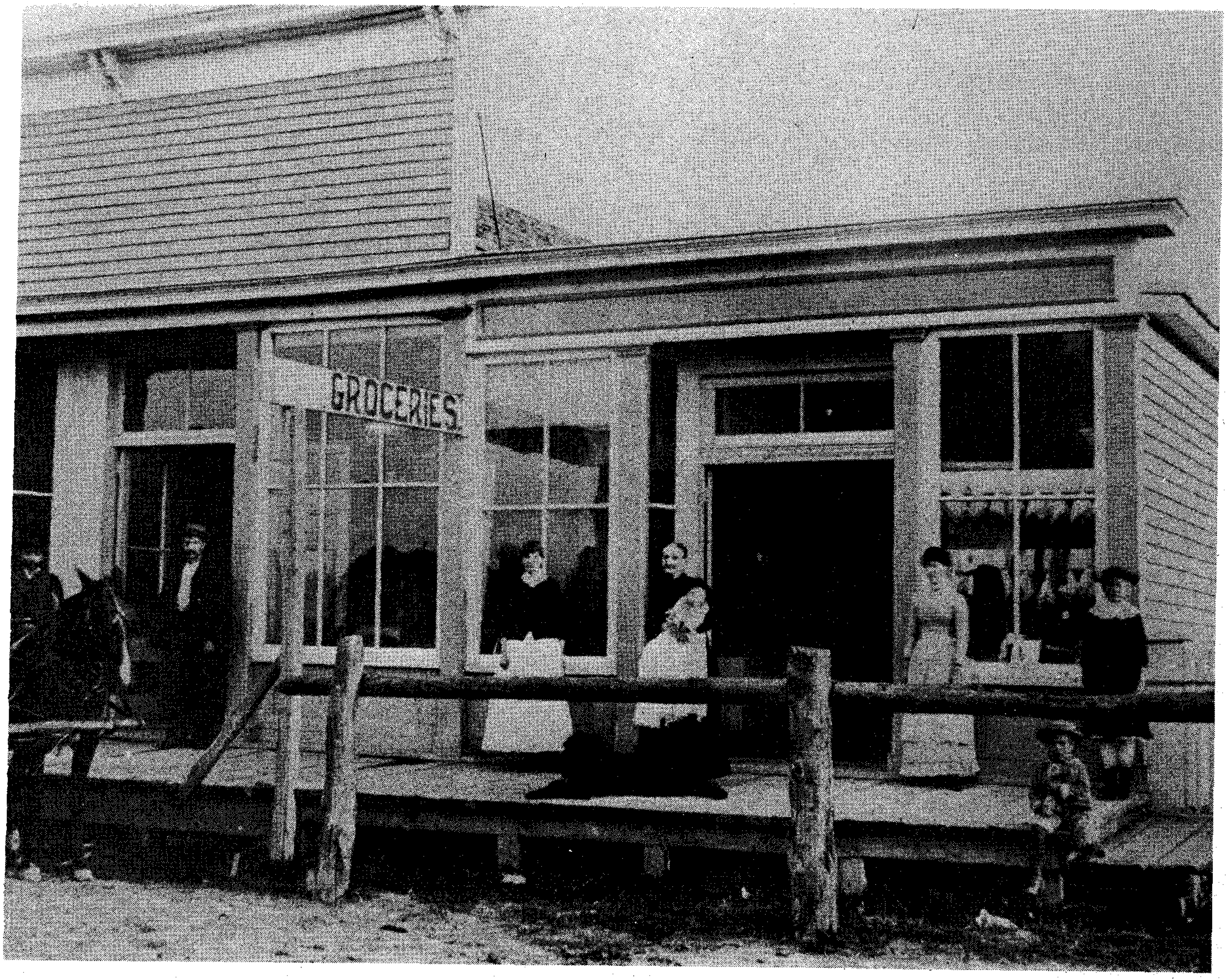
Our claim shack was the minimum size acceptable for proving up—12′x14′. It had a gabled roof, a door in the east end, and a one-sash 2′x2′ window in the west end. The boards ran up and down. They were battened but they were not painted.

There was also a privy and a horse shed, built in the same way and of the same kind of material. The shed had a roof sloping one way with the high part to the south. It was enclosed on the other sides, but most of the south side was open. All three of these buildings had sheet-iron corrugated roofing on them.

Inside, the house had not been lined and there was no ceiling. There was a double bed, a two-burner monkey stove, and a set of shelves that Papa John had built into the corner to be used as a cupboard. His carpenter tools and some nails were on the bottom shelf. A stovepipe ran up through the roof to serve as a chimney, and there was a box of lumber scraps sitting near the stove.

"When these are gone you had better burn cow chips, and save your coal for

Mrs. John Buck and infant son, Roger. Taken in Kansas City before leaving for their claim.



A small town store in the early 1900s.

Courtesy Williams Collection; Fort Collins, Colorado

winter," Luther Miller told Mama. "It will be well to start right in to gather them. You can store them in the enclosed end of the shed with the coal."

"It's a good thing that I brought the children's wagon," Mama remarked. And he agreed.

There was a large wooden barrel in the shack which Mr. Miller put on the south side of the house, and there were a couple of ten-gallon milk cans. He said they were to haul water in, and that he would take us to get some from our neighbor who had a windmill.

Mrs. Miller had sent out a good lunch, and three extra loaves of freshly baked bread. We ate our dinner and then went to Mr. Logan's place to get the water.

"Are those all the cans you have?" Mr. Logan asked. "Here, let me lend you a couple more." He was a lean dark man, probably in his thirties. He helped Mr. Miller fill the four cans, then he brought a watermelon from his water tank and split it open.

"Melva! Jim! Alva!" he called, and his children came running to help eat the watermelon. Before we left, Mr. Logan brought out a bucket with a bail and a lid on it.

"Here ma'am, is some milk for your children," he said as he handed it to Mama. Then he smiled at her as though he liked the sight of a pretty woman. Mama was small and slim, with auburn hair, large blue eyes, and fair skin that was sprinkled with a few freckles.

"Any time you send the boy back with this pail I'll fill it up again."

Then Melva handed me a package and said shyly, "They're eggs." I thought she was a lovely girl, with her dark hair and eyes and tanned skin. She looked as much like her father as I looked like my mother.

On the way back to our claim Mama asked, "Where was Mrs. Logan?"

"She died last May," Mr. Miller answered.

AFTER Mr. Miller went back to town we had bread and milk for supper. Then Mama sat in the doorway with one of us on each side of her and taught us to sing, "Old McDonald Had a Farm." There were motions and various animal sounds with it, and she also taught us some gestures and dance steps to repeat after each verse.

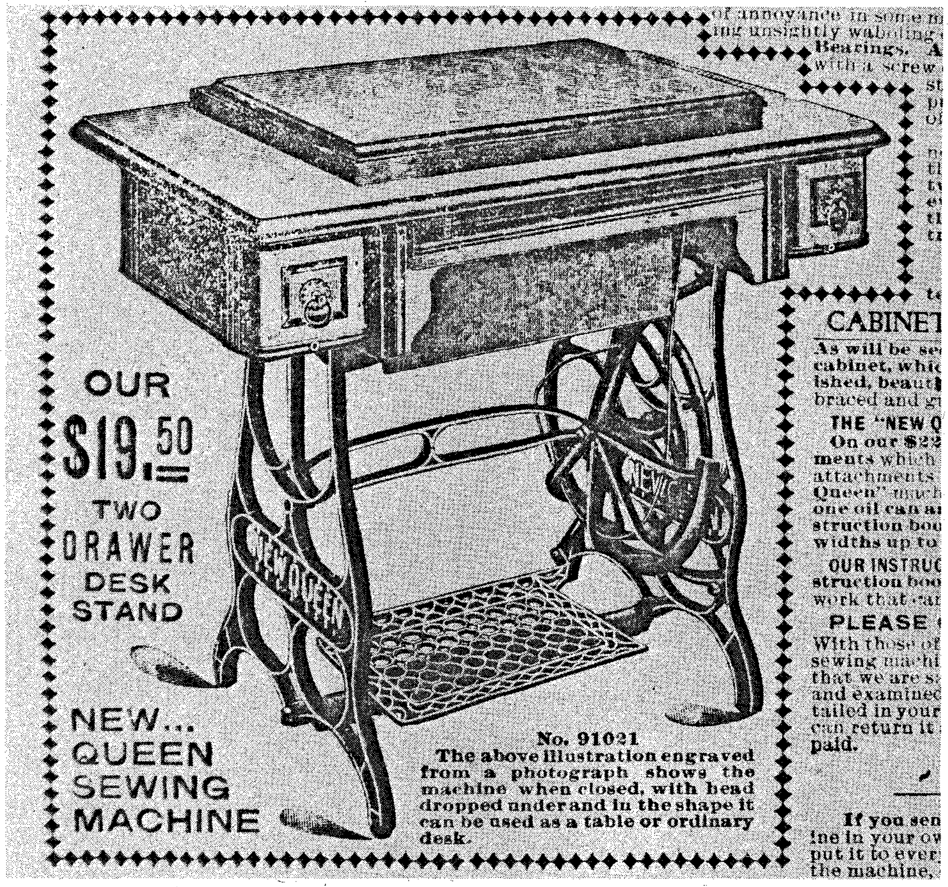
"We have a farm now," she smiled, "and someday we may have all those animals too."

The next day we got busy arranging things. Mama drove many nails into the wooden walls for us to hang things on. She stretched extra blankets and quilts over the exposed rafters and said, "They will have to do for our ceiling." She said that we could use the sewing machine for our table—fortunately it was the drophead type. The boxes that our groceries and other belongings had come in were used for seats. She made them solid on the bottom and boarded up the four sides leaving the top open. That way we could put our clothing and other things in them and lay a board over the top so we could sit on them. The boxes not needed for seats were filled and stored under the bed. Mama put our canned food among the clothing in these boxes.

"When a cold spell comes they won't freeze," she explained. Then she put the eggs in the cornmeal for the same reason.

After supper we sat on the doorstep and Mama explained the Homestead Act to us. “All the best land is going fast,” she said. “We’re lucky that John got this good place for us. By the time you children are grown you will have to go to Cuba to stake your claims.”

Suddenly a light came on and got brighter and brighter. “That’s the westbound train,” she said. “The Flyer goes east at midnight. The railroad track is only a quarter of a mile from here.” Then she sang to us. She sang the songs of her adolescence: “After the Ball Is Over,” “She Was Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage,” and “Meet Me in St. Louis, Louie.”


OUR
$19.50
TWO DRAWER DESK STAND
NEW... QUEEN SEWING MACHINE
No. 91021
The above illustration engraved from a photograph shows the machine when closed, with head dropped under and in the shape it can be used as a table or ordinary desk.
CABINET
NEW QUEEN

Portion of a Sears-Roebuck catalog page (1897) advertises a sewing machine like the one in the story.

Mama said, “Tomorrow we must get right to work on your school lessons. There is no school here so we will have your lessons at home in the mornings, right after the house is straightened up. After dinner we will pick up cow chips.”

The next day we took the wagon and started out. Soon it was full so we brought it back and emptied it in the enclosed end of the shed. We made trip after trip until it began to get dark. After supper we again sat on the doorstep and told stories, sang songs, and watched for the lights of the westbound train.

One day Mama announced that we had established residence, so we loaded the sewing machine into the spring wagon and went to town. While Mama sewed for Mrs. Brown, Roger and I stayed with Mrs. Miller. She seemed glad to have us and we felt as though we were visiting our own grandmother. She told Mama that we must go to school while we were in town.

Mama visited the teacher and explained that we would only be there for a short while. “But I want them to get what education they can,” she said. “Would you tell me how I should teach them when we go back to the claim?”

“Indeed, I’ll be glad to,” the teacher answered. “Here is a list of the books and supplies they will need, and when they leave here you can go right ahead through these texts.”

After Mama finished sewing for Mrs. Brown, other people hired her and we continued in school until Mr. Miller told Mama that she should return to the claim so her residential status would not be questioned.

WHEN we were again at home we resumed our schedule of school in the mornings, and picking up chips in the afternoon. But we had picked up those nearest the claim in September, so we had to go farther away for them and the days were getting shorter. We would start home at sunset but the distance that we had to go was longer each day. One cloudy evening it got so dark we couldn’t see our house. We kept going, but we didn’t get there. Finally I bumped into a large tumbleweed and I was so exhausted that I stumbled and fell. Mama picked me up and I laid my head against her and cried.

“I’m cold,” I told her. Roger was wearing a long sleeved shirt, but my dress had short sleeves. Mama took off her long apron and she wrapped it around me like a cape, and tied it in front. Then my arms weren’t quite so cold because they were covered.

“There’s no use going on,” Mama said. “We are too tired. Let’s sit down and rest awhile.”

We sat in our usual places, one on each side of her, and she put one arm around each of us.

“The Midnight Flyer will come by, and then we will be able to see our house. Let’s sing.” She started “Old McDonald” but we didn’t join in. Softly then and in a much lower voice she sang “Juanita.” That was the song she had named me for, so I always considered it to be my own song. I must have heard it a hundred times, but I always wanted to hear it once more. Then she sang “Billy Boy.” The way that she sang it was:

**Oh, where are you going, Willie Boy,
Willie Boy?
Oh. where are you going, Charming
Willie?**

My brother’s name was Roger William, and Mama’s term of endearment for him was Willie Boy.

We both slept. Later that night the Midnight Flyer woke us up and we could see our claim shack. Mama pulled the load of cow chips and we headed straight for home. Fifteen minutes later we were safe and warm in our own bed.

The next day we went to town and Mama bought all the coal our spring wagon would hold. She got about a quarter of a ton, and she bought corn and oats for Bonnie and groceries for us. She must have stocked up for the winter. She bought flour, salt pork, pinto beans, dried apples, raisins, prunes, canned tomatoes, evaporated milk, peanut butter, sugar, soap, a five-pound pail of lard, and two cans of kerosene.

“Now we will each choose something nice for Thanksgiving dinner. Nothing over ten cents,” she told us.

“A can of corn,” I said.

“Good,” she smiled in approval. “I will make us corn fritters, and we will not need potatoes. I don’t want to buy potatoes because they might freeze. What do you choose, Willie Boy?” She ran her fingers through his red hair.

“I want a can of sardines,” he proclaimed. “A big ten-cent can with tomato sauce.”

“And that will be our Thanksgiving meat,” Mama agreed.

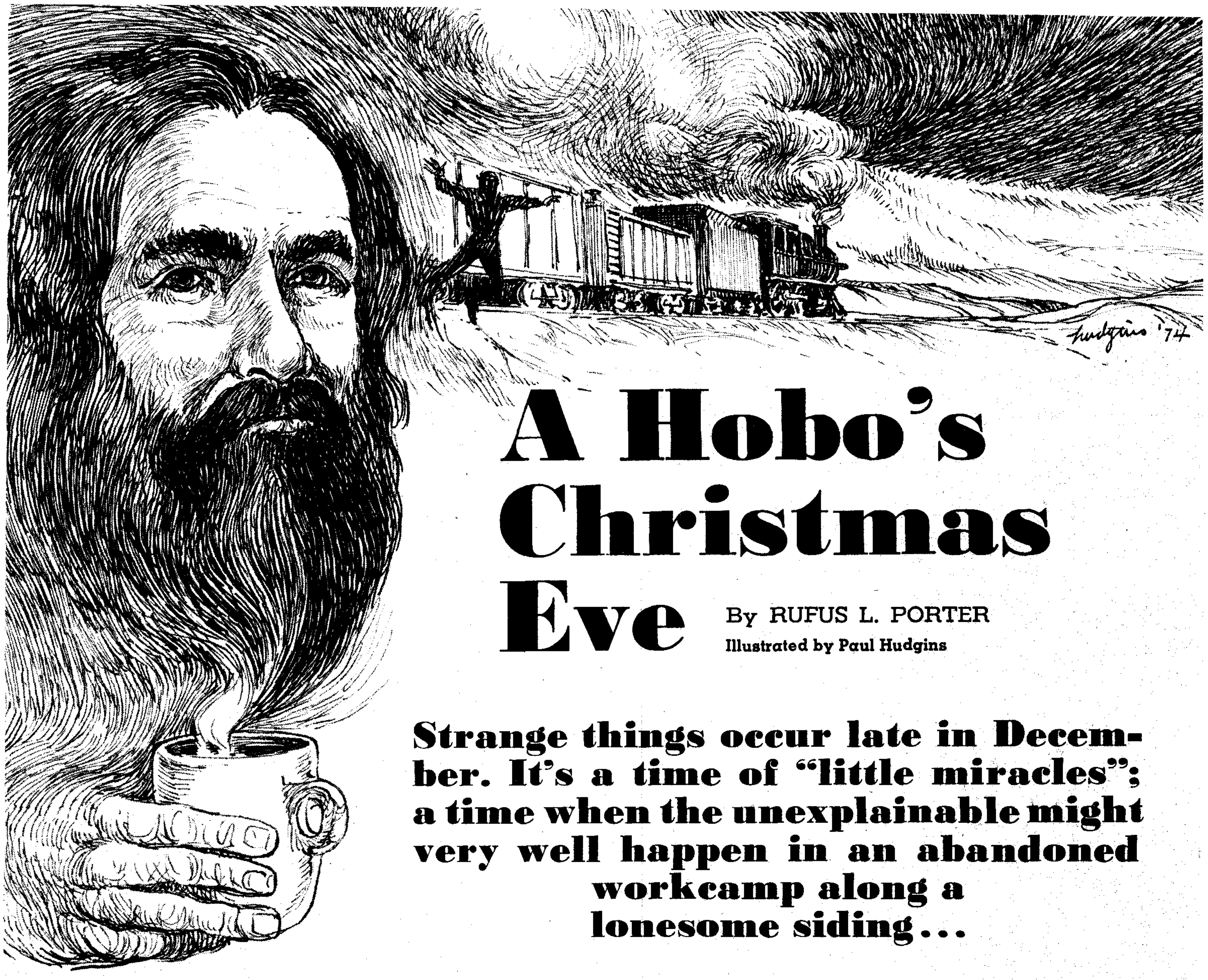
“What for dessert?” I asked. “Pumpkin pie?”

“No, mince pie,” Roger objected.

“It’s my turn to choose,” Mama reminded us, “and I choose candy for our Thanksgiving dessert. (She knew that she could not make pies because we hadn’t any oven.) Put in five cents worth of penny candies,” she directed. Roger chose two, I chose two, and Mama chose the last one, a long whip of licorice.

When we got home we helped Mama

(Continued on page 56)



A Hobo's Christmas Eve

By RUFUS L. PORTER

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

Strange things occur late in December. It's a time of "little miracles"; a time when the unexplainable might very well happen in an abandoned workcamp along a lonesome siding...

"I wouldn't put anybody off on Christmas Eve," the brakeman said, "but I'm warning you, kid, if you try riding over the hump tonight in the clothes you're wearing you will freeze to death for sure."

I was standing in the end of an open gondola that was loaded with machinery. There wasn't an empty boxcar on the train, and no better place to ride than the one I had chosen.

"I'll make it all right," I said. "I've got to get to Seattle."

"I'd ask you back to the caboose," said the brakie, "but the conductor doesn't believe in coddling bums."

"I'm not a bum," I said. "I'm a hobo."

"Do you mean to say there's a difference?"

"Certainly," I told him. "A hobo works now and then to get a road stake. He may not have a lot of money and sometimes he's broke, but most of the time he can pay for his meals."

"You've got money and you're traveling in those rags in these mountains on a night like this? You should have your head examined," was his comment.

"I won't starve."

"No, you won't live long enough to starve," he responded. "If you don't wait for a warmer day, or an empty car to ride in, you're going to freeze. Why do you have to get to Seattle, anyhow?"

"I don't know," I replied, "I just think it is a good idea."

"I'll call the coroner to come and remove your body when we get to Snohomish," the brakie said as he left, and he wasn't kidding.

I had left Spokane the day before and the weather there had been positively balmy. But it was getting a little cool here at the foot of the Cascade Range. And after we left Leavenworth, where it was already below zero, it grew steadily colder with every foot we gained in elevation. I began to think that maybe the brakeman was right and I would freeze to death. I didn't even have room to move around in an effort to keep up my circulation. And my feet, despite constant stomping, began to feel numb.

Several miles out of Leavenworth we passed the buildings of an old abandoned work camp that had been a headquarters when they were building snow sheds over the railroad. "If I was smart," I thought, "I'd probably drop off here and see if I couldn't keep warm in one of those old shacks."

But the prospect didn't seem inviting, so I stayed on. Five miles closer to the hump, though, made me change my mind. Clad only in light clothing and low shoes, with no protection for my ears or hands, I was really beginning to suffer.

"I will have to go back to that camp," I thought."It's downhill and I can warm up walking."

My feet and hands were so numb that I could hardly climb out of the car and down the iron ladder, and when I hit the ground I rolled several yards in the snow although the train was going only at a snail's pace. That was the longest five miles back that I ever walked. My feet felt as if they were made of wood, and I had to alternately beat my hands together and rub them over my nose and ears; even then, they were a little frostbitten.

The temperature continued to drop, and I made haste slowly to the accompaniment of the groaning and cracking of ice on the river that ran near the tracks. But at last, under a pale moon, I spied the old buildings ahead and broke into a stumbling dog-trot.

To my complete amazement I saw light in the farthest building. "Good, there's a watchman here," I thought, and hurried over and hammered on the door. A bearded man with soft friendly eyes answered my knock.

"Come in, brother," he said, not showing the least surprise. "It's good to have company on a night like this."

MY first impression was that he looked like Christ. And that impression hasn't changed to this day. Every look and word and act of his reminded me of the Savior, or at least of stories and pictures I have read and seen of Him.

He asked no questions, but bade me bathe my face and hands in cold water and rub them briskly with a towel before sitting by the fire to finish thawing out. He removed my shoes and gave my feet the same treatment. When I had thawed out a little he gave me a large bowl of hot stew and a steaming mug of coffee laced with rum.

After I had eaten my fill I was immediately drowsy, and he fixed me a bunk with plenty of warm blankets. I couldn't get over an eerie feeling that he had been sent there just to look after me, and I asked, "Why are you so kind to a passing stiff like me whom you've never seen before?"

"You are my brother, lad," he said, "and you're always welcome home."

With a deep feeling of comfort and happiness I dropped off to sleep while he was reading aloud the story of the Nativity from St. Luke.

It was nearly noon when I awoke on Christmas Day, feeling greatly refreshed in spite of my itchy frostbites. As my benefactor prepared breakfast of ham and eggs and sourdough hotcakes, he asked what I intended to do since the weather was still extremely cold.

"I had a job in a mine in Idaho," I answered. "I can go back there until spring."

"An excellent idea," he agreed. "Seattle can wait."

This startled me because I didn't remember having mentioned that I was heading for Seattle. But perhaps I had.

After breakfast we sat and talked for a couple of hours. I found my host to be extremely well informed and a brilliant conversationalist. He was also deeply, but not fanatically, religious, and spiced his conversation with many apt quotations from the Bible.

Having decided on a course of action I was anxious to get going, so I finally said, "Well, I guess I'd better be on my way. After all, I can't stay here all winter."

"No," he said, "I hardly expect to be here that long myself."

He never mentioned, and I didn't ask, what he was doing there in the first place. He refused to take any payment for my board and lodging; in fact, he seemed offended when I offered him part of my meager hoard of cash. After I had thanked him and said my goodbyes he handed me a worn, but serviceable, sheepskin-lined coat with a big fur collar, and a pair of four-buckle overshoes.

"Let these be your Christmas gift from me," he said. "I've got more clothes than I need, and I believe you can use them."

I found it difficult to keep back the tears as he wished me good luck with a "God bless you, brother, and a Merry Christmas."

I had to walk several miles to Leavenworth in order to catch a train, but how different from the walk I had made the night before. Warm clothing and a full stomach can make the world seem like a pretty good place.

In town I struck up a conversation with a native and told him how I spent the night and how kind the watchman had been to me. He gave me a searching look, then chuckled and said, "You're not foolin' me, kid. You might have found that coat and those overshoes in one of those old buildings, but the camp has been deserted for years. The buildings are all tumbled down and they never did have a watchman there."

Being now so warmly dressed I decided once more to risk going over the hump. Youth is impulsive and Seattle couldn't wait after all. I had fully intended to go back to my mining job in Idaho, but it is against the nature of a hobo to return to a place that he has just left, so I caught the next westbound train.

It was dark when we passed the clump of buildings where I had spent the previous night, but I could see no light or sign of life in any of them.

Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 6)

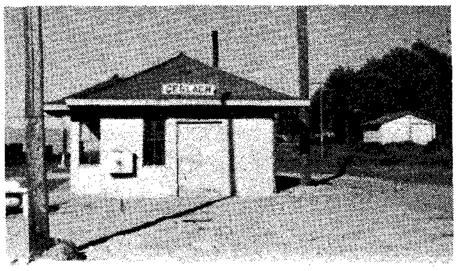
name of J. J. Wells. He was born in 1864 and died July 1881. There are two headstones on the beginning and end of the grave that have the dates inscribed. It is rumored that he was hanged for horse rustling. It is also said there is a nineteen-year-old man buried alongside him, but we do not know if this is true. I would appreciate any bit of information on J. J. Wells or on this grave.—Annarose Walter, Box 518, Lewistown, Montana 59457

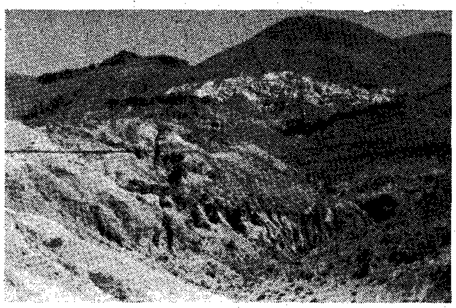
Gerlach Country

By coincidence I was up prowling around the Gerlach area a couple weeks ago and, when I got home, there was OLD WEST waiting for me with "I Rode for Gerlach."

After driving north from Fernley seventy miles and meeting four cars I arrived at Gerlach with its little depot and still-in-use water tank (now used for town consumption—good water). I headed east on the dry weather road up along the "lake"-shore bank with Black Rock Point in the background. Continued up a corduroy road to a cut-off across the dam (a reservoir). I took a picture to prove to my wife that there *was* water up there. Then I headed for the Black Rock Range and took the enclosed picture of some weird formations—weirder than they look here when you see them closer with binoculars. Piute Peak is a really mixed up geological mountain. Turned back down towards the point on the old Applegate Trail in my Mustang, but never made it—too rocky. I turned around, prowled around, and headed back to Gerlach. There are several ranches up there, oases scattered twenty miles or so apart.

The Gerlach, Nevada depot.





The Black Rock Range area.

Finally came out onto the dry Black Rock Desert, which is ninety miles long. At this point I was twenty miles from Gerlach. It was a mud flat, and smooth sailing down to within five miles of Gerlach. At this point I met my first car of the day!

So long for now.—M. L. Coverston, 1258 High Street, Auburn California 95603

Hidden Treasure

An air of mystery still hovers over our old homeplace in eastern New Mexico, as we occasionally pass by, thinking longingly of the past and its secrets of bygone days.

In the late 1920s when the Depression first started, things were rough for everyone—especially for the poorer class, and we were in this group. For Mom and Dad with five children, trying to eke a livelihood from old Mother Earth posed quite a problem.

One spring, Dad and we older children were in the process of clearing some new ground, as it was called. Bois d'arc bushes and stumps and that aggravating Johnson grass that grows so rampant in that part of the country had played havoc with the land. Since we needed more farming space we children were taken out of school temporarily to help Dad with his clearing procedure.

We had worked very hard all day and were looking forward to one of Mom's delicious suppers and playing some games afterward—of course, the chores of milking the cows, slopping the hogs, and feeding the chickens and mules came first.

It was nearly quitting time when Dad

(Continued on page 61)

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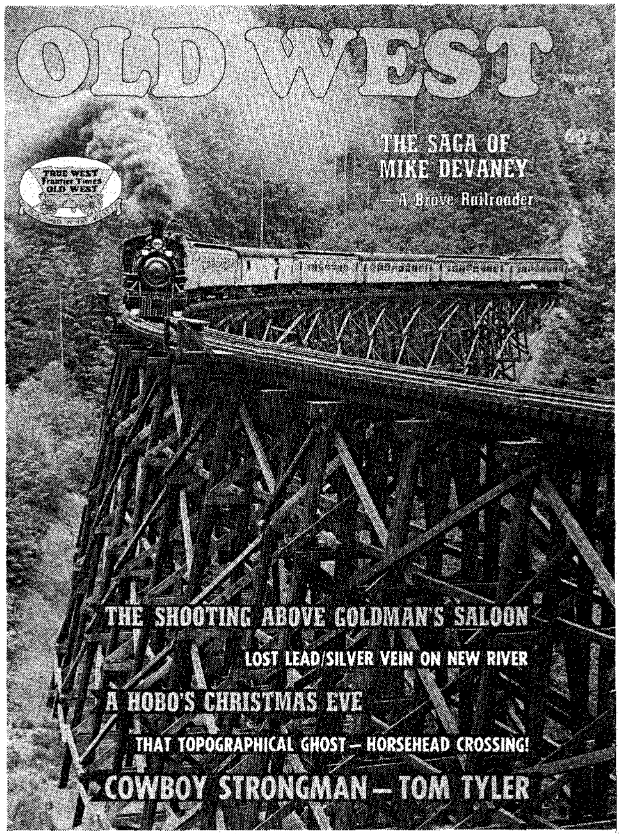

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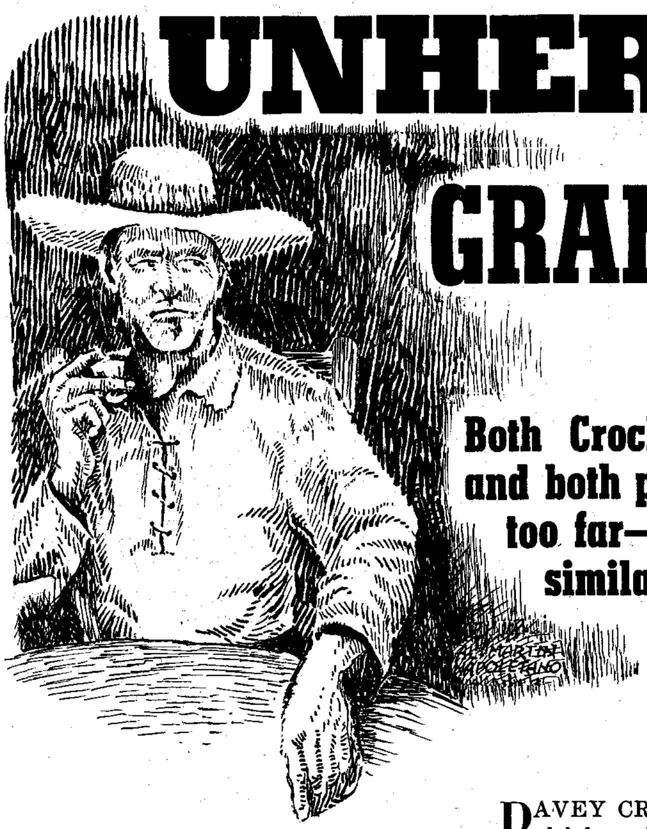
DAVID CROCKETT'S UNHEROIC GRANDSON



Both Crocketts had nerve and both pushed their luck too far—and there the similarity ends . . .

By LANCE ROBBINS

Photos Courtesy Author

DAVEY CROCKETT tossed off a last drink and turned from the bar to leave Lambert's Saloon. It was still early; he and Clay Allison would find Gus Heifner and hurrah Cimarron once more before heading out. A quick, methodical check of the six-gun in the lanky cowboy-gunman's side-holster assured him that it was ready.

Crockett reached the swinging door in a long stride and, intent on his purpose, gave a hard push outward just as it was being pushed inward by a new customer entering Lambert's. Crockett's irritation turned to rage when, frustrated, he glimpsed the man blocking his exit.

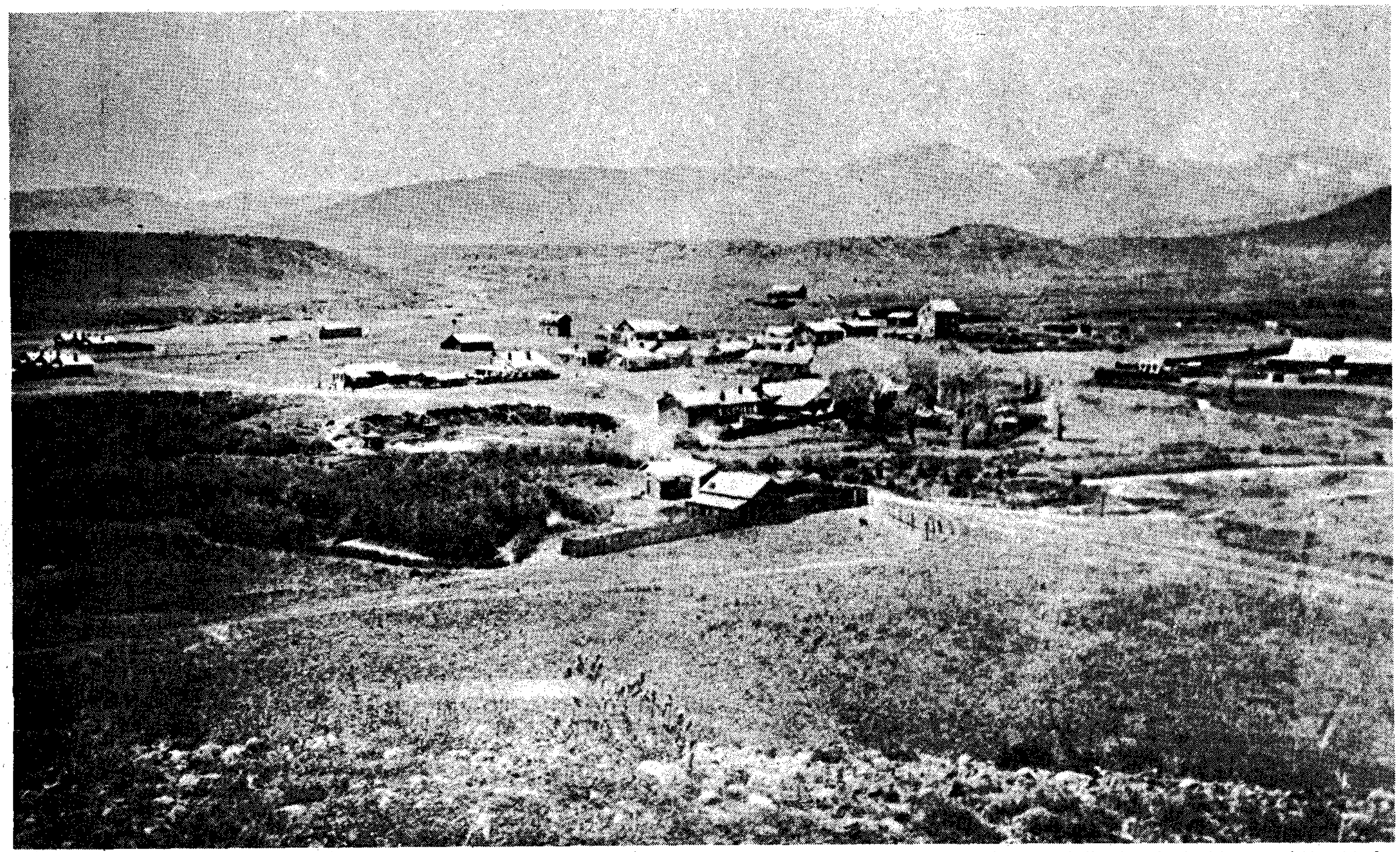
By exerting more force, Crockett was able to open the door and stand face to face with a Negro soldier. For a tense moment the two glared at each other, the soldier speechless. Crockett had his gun in his hand almost before anyone in the room realized it. He shot the soldier dead, then turned his fury on three other uniformed Negroes who had half risen from a table near the door where they were playing cards. As three more shots rang out, a hush fell over the remaining men in the saloon.

There would be the government to deal with, now. The Negroes were inoffensive members of troops stationed at nearby Fort Union since 1886, and all had checked their guns before buying a drink at the bar. Three of the dead were later identified as John Black, Charles Morris, and Pomeron W. Laughlin.

Even to citizens of a frontier town who, in the '70s reportedly arose each morning to ask, "Who was killed at Lambert's last night?" this scene seemed unusually cold-blooded. It was, in fact, a record. Violence in Fred Lambert's Saloon was an everyday affair, with Fred Lambert, a Colfax County Deputy Sheriff at sixteen, quoted as saying, "I believe the record for one day was five men killed. Davey Crockett [a wayward relative of the great scout] got four of them and Clay Allison dropped the other one."

The St. James Hotel (now the Don Diego) in Cimarron, New Mexico. It was in front of this hotel that Davey Crockett helped a mob raise the severed head of a multiple murderer on a pike.

Courtesy Collections in the Museum of New Mexico



Courtesy Collections in the Museum of New Mexico

Cimarron as it looked in 1877, when Crockett and his friends came to town on Saturday nights.

Lambert undoubtedly referred to this bloody night of May 21, 1876.

Looking from one grim, even horrified, face to another, Davey Crockett realized that maybe this time he had gone too far. Jamming his gun back into its holster, he stepped over the dead body at his feet and made for his horse. When he found soldiers blocking his path to the livery barn, Crockett struck out on foot for a nearby ranch where his sweetheart lived.

THIS was not David Crockett of Alamo fame, but is believed to have been a grandson of the hero who died a martyr's death March 6, 1836. When David Crockett, hero of the Alamo and beloved in Texas and Tennessee, stood backed up to a crumbling wall, ammunition low, bravely facing Mexican troops, he probably had no inkling that in death he would become a national hero, living in the memories of millions. Neither did he realize, as he died, that a small boy in Tennessee destined to bear his name, would be remembered by many as a desperado and cold-blooded killer.

David Crockett, Alamo hero, came to Texas after serving two terms in Congress, temporarily leaving his family in Tennessee. After Crockett's death, the wife and children were granted 320 acres of land in Texas. Robert Patton Crockett, the oldest son, brought his own wife and children to the new home and helped his mother ranch and farm the land.

One of these children brought to Texas by Robert Crockett was a four-year-old boy named Davey. In later years, when the elder David Crockett was a national hero and his namesake a disgrace, the latter was claimed to be merely a nephew or cousin. Unfortunately, records which could settle the relationship have been lost; however, young Davey Crockett of New Mexico's Cimarron country, has been traced with fair accuracy as a grandson of his famous forebear.

Young Davey's boyhood was typical of that of a busy ranch family. He learned to read, write, shoot, ride, and work cattle. The youngster also learned to hate Negroes and Yankees with Confederate fervor when Texas threw in with the South during the Civil War years.

This vitriolic and unreasonable hatred for Negroes, especially those in uniform stationed at nearby Fort Union, was one of the things that endeared the young cowman to a fellow rancher and Civil War veteran, Clay Allison.

Robert Clay Allison, also a native of Tennessee, had left a Wayne County farm to join Confederate forces about 1863. An admirer of Henry Clay he went by his middle name to distinguish him from sixty-four other Tennessee Allisons fighting for the Confederacy—five of them Robert and thirteen R. A. Allison.

After the war Allison was imbued, like young Crockett, with a hatred of blue Union uniforms. He found his way southwest by way of Texas and, although essentially a cowboy and a prosperous rancher, Clay Allison was one of the few gunfighters who could actually handle a weapon as adeptly as the traditional fast-gun. Even when drunk, the big man was as steady on the draw as when sober, as testified by the fact that no one was ever injured by him when he shot in drunken abandon.

As a cowboy trailing herds for Goodnight, Loving and others of that era to Kansas, Clay on occasion treed the town in Dodge City as he and Crockett were to often do later in Cimarron.

Although he had many killings to his credit, Clay Allison when sober was a good friend and kind neighbor. He had begun to accumulate cattle and property of his own on the Brazos River near Granbury, Texas when he became friendly with a neighbor, young Davey Crockett.

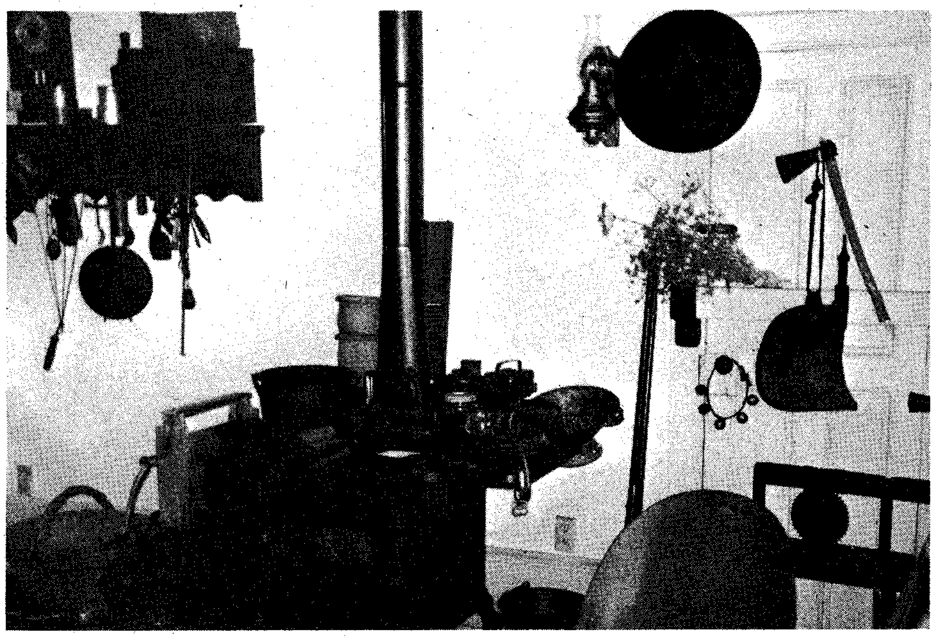
Allison, trailing cattle from the Texas Panhandle, had become interested in the grasslands of Colfax County, New Mexico Territory and decided this was the place for his ranch. He headed for Cimarron with his herds, promising Davey that if the land looked good and he had any luck, he would send word.

The land was good, Allison prospered, and Crockett came to Cimarron, too.

CIMARRON COUNTRY in the 1870s and '80s was as picturesque as any in the West. The land was fertile and beautiful—wide valleys watered by the clear, rushing waters of the Cimarron, Ponil, and Red Rivers provided lush grazing. There were also high mountains and great forests with wild game in abundance.

To this came Davey Crockett, tall and slim, with wavy, brown hair and light, blue eyes. He had the wiry, if not mus-

(Continued on page 58)



Above, an up-to-date kitchen of the 1850s contained a woodburning stove, heavy iron utensils, and even a bathtub. Below, the Whaley house as it appears today in San Diego's "Old Town." Constructed of brick nearly 120 years ago, it served a dual purpose. It was used for public meetings and court gatherings besides being the family's private home.

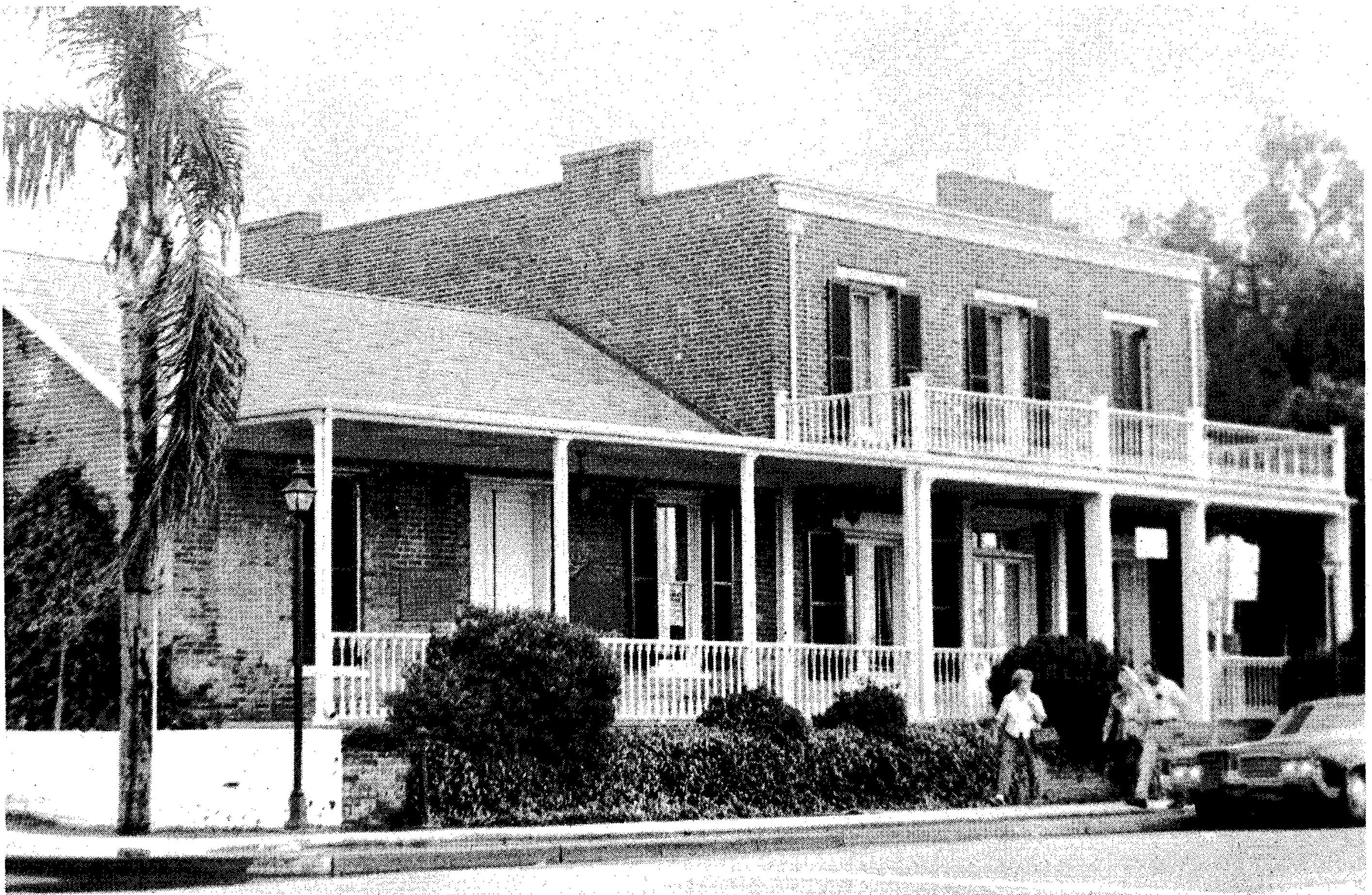
THE two-story red brick house with its fresh white trim doesn't have the appearance of a 120-year-old building, as is stands sturdy and tall on San Diego Avenue in what has become known as "Old Town." Nor would a casual passerby realize there was anything significant about the house, its builder-owner Thomas Whaley, or his family and the part they played in the history of San Diego and Southern California.

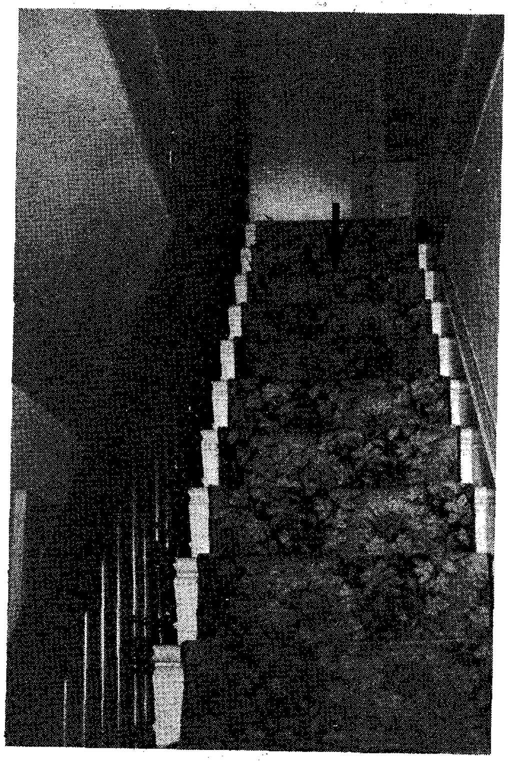
Yet even to visitors who may only be passively interested in history, the house offers them a look, not only at a museum but at an actual piece of early California. And the touch of history goes deeper than just the furnishings and the knowledgeable people who serve as director and guides. How? Because it is believed the builder and at least a few members of his immediate family are still there. The house that Thomas Whaley built in the mid-1850s is reportedly haunted.

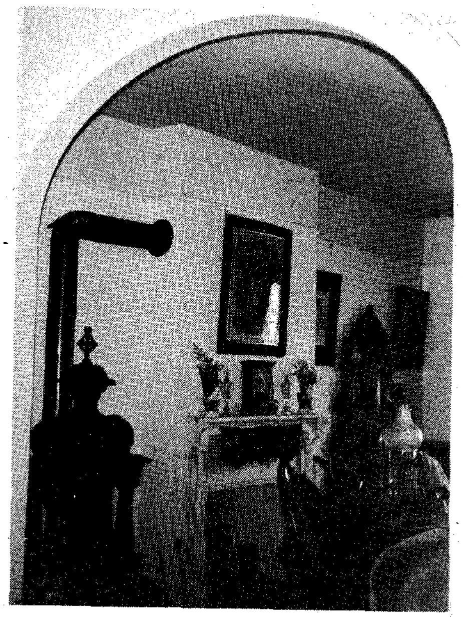
Thomas Whaley came to California in 1853 and settled in San Francisco. When he couldn't find the opportunities he sought, he gradually moved south, eventually arriving in the fledgling town of San Diego.

As his first business venture there,

Old San Diego's HAUN







At left, The ninth step (arrow) on the staircase was where Mrs. Whaley attempted to restrain intruders in 1871, and where even today it is said a "psychic block" exists for some people. Above, the archway between the parlor and reading room was the point where the hanging of Yankee Jim took place before the house was built.

TED HOUSE

By RICHARD BAUMAN

Photos Courtesy Author

It's said that the Whaleys who built the house around 1855 have never left. Now, that's a long-term lease that's carrying things too far!

a store, began to grow he established permanent roots in 1855 by purchasing an 8½-acre parcel of land. And then he began planning his home. Whaley wanted his house to be constructed of brick, yet to have enough brick brought in by ship would have cost him a small fortune. He solved the problem by simply having clay dug from his own land and having it formed and fired into bricks. At the same time he started the first brick yard and kiln in Southern California. The house still stands as built, a testimony to the materials of construction and the ingenuity of Thomas Whaley.

Even today it is impressive inside and out, but as Susy Smith points out in her book, *Prominent American Ghosts*, "although not large by eastern American or European standards . . . it was considered the most elegant in Southern California."

As might be expected, Thomas Whaley became more influential in the growing community, and his house grew in significance too. It was the center of social life, and in 1869 part of it became the County Hall of Records and Courthouse for San Diego. A floorless granary already attached to the house was refashioned with a floor and windows, and became the courtroom where many criminals were convicted and numerous lawsuits were settled.

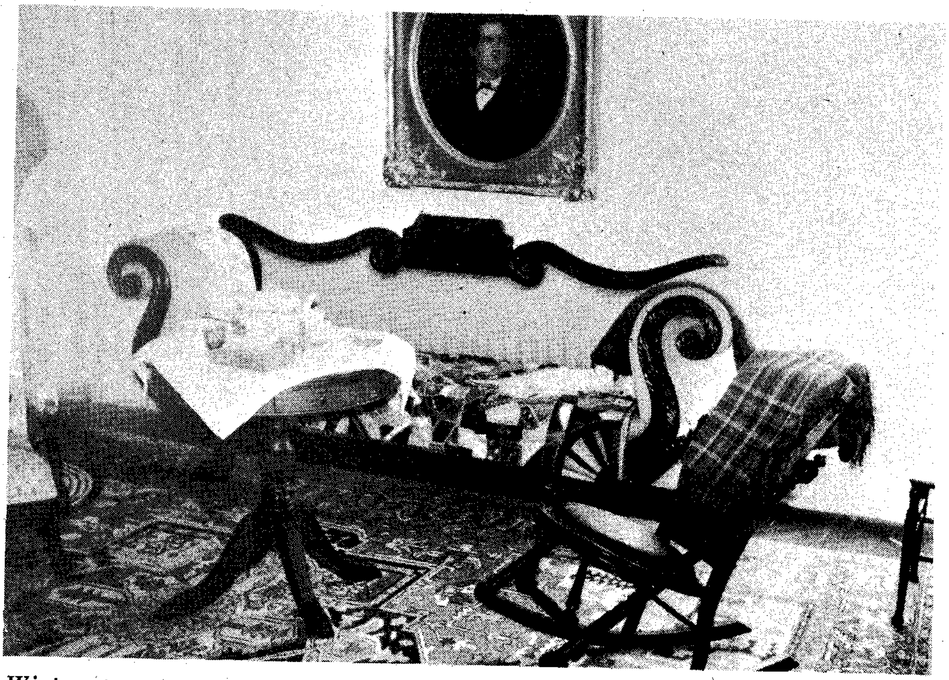
Things began to change when San Diego harbor became an important docking place for ships which had made the dangerous trip around the Horn. There were persons in the community who felt the town of San Diego should be closer to this blossoming harbor industry; soon a second San Diego sprouted a few miles south of "Old Town."

Although Whaley had a valid agreement with the county, its supervisors decided in 1871 that his lease be cancelled and the County Seat and Hall of Records be moved. (The present location of the county offices is the site they selected.)

Thomas Whaley was determined not to give in and refused to allow officials to enter his home and remove the records, contending it was illegal for them to do so without settling their agreement. This act of defiance by Mr. Whaley may be, at least in part, one of the reasons the house is, as some people believe, "occupied" by ghosts today.

Although the culprits were never officially identified it is fairly well documented that the County Clerk, Colonel Chalmers Scott, and his cronies forcibly entered the Whaley house on March 31, 1871 and removed the documents. Anna Whaley and her children were alone in the upstairs bedrooms when the intruders *unceremoniously* entered the house. Some of the group apparently knew what part of the official files were stored on the second floor. As the men rushed up the narrow staircase they were met by Mrs. Whaley at the ninth step. With guns in hand, they ordered her

Below is the rocker in which Mrs. Whaley frequently sat to enjoy the sun. It has been reported that on occasion, usually in the early afternoon, the chair has been found rocking for no apparent reason.



aside, but Mrs. Whaley stood her ground and refused to budge. In fact she forcibly pushed the leaders back but, of course, it was in vain. The men regained their footing, and shoved her aside and squeezed past to the master bedroom.

However, that determined shove she gave to the first man on the steps is reportedly experienced by people today. As Mrs. June Reading, the director of the Whaley House Museum, says, "Many who visit the upstairs experience a resistance or 'push-like' feeling when they reach the ninth step." She has been told that the phenomenon is called a "psychic block"—a point where the stresses and emotions of that violent fearful night a century ago were so intense they somehow have been "etched" into the atmosphere of the house.

Human beings aren't the only creatures who have experienced the strong resistance at this point on the staircase. Once a blind man with a seeing-eye dog visited the house. He had no difficulties with the dog on the lower floor, yet try as he might, the man couldn't get his dog to go beyond the ninth step of the stairs. Several attempts were made. At the ninth tread the dog would freeze, refusing to climb the few remaining steps to the second floor. Finally the man gave up and settled for a guide's verbal description of the five upper rooms.

ALTHOUGH the house gradually lost its prominence in the community Whaley and his wife lived there until they died. The last family member to use the house as a residence was Lillian Whaley, the youngest daughter, who until her death in 1953 lived there alone.

The house was unoccupied for three years and fell into a state of disrepair, the victim of neglect and vandalism. Finally a citizens group, realizing the role of this building in the history of the town, convinced the County of San Diego that it should be a museum. In late 1956 a restoration program was begun. It took nearly four years to complete the project, but in May 1960 the house was opened to the public.

Today the Whaley house has been returned to the grandeur it once held in the mid- and late 1800s. So authentic is the restoration that even the carpeting has the same pattern Whaley chose for the house. Although most of the furnishings are not actually Whaley's they are nearly identical to what he owned, as far as can be determined from his and Mrs. Whaley's personal papers.

The parlor is furnished in the dark woods, accented with genuine crystal lamps. There are even a few dolls for the visitors to view, as well as heavy velvet-covered chairs. On the walls are photos of Thomas and Anna Whaley and their children.

The kitchen is as Anna knew it, with woodburning stove for cooking meals, and an early bathtub occupying one corner. Heavy black cooking utensils are hanging in plain view.

The courtroom, which was responsible for so much of the controversy in the house's history, is completely restored with an impressive judicial bench. It looks quite ready for a trial! Along this room's walls are display cases containing artifacts and documents pertaining to the San Diego of the late 1800s. Although this room wasn't used for court sessions after that traumatic night in 1871 when the records were removed, it didn't go to waste. It simply changed functions. From time to time it has been used as a Protestant church, a schoolroom, and even a theater. The Tanner Troupe, a traveling theatrical group of the 1870s appeared there on several different occasions.

All of the rooms on the ground floor were more or less public rooms. That is, the Whaleys would entertain friends and visitors on the lower level, but to venture upstairs was virtually forbidden. The upper floor was definitely private. The family's four bedrooms and a guest room were located on the second level. When President Grant and President Harrison visited California during their terms of office each stayed at the home of Thomas Whaley.

THE house's ghosts seem to have chosen the upstairs as the place of their major activity. Almost always apparitions have been "seen" upstairs. Most of the unaccountable sounds of footsteps, or frosty unexplainable cold air masses are reported as having been encountered up there. When a burglar alarm goes off in the middle of the night, it is almost always because a window upstairs, locked at the hour of securing the house each evening, has been opened mysteriously from the inside. Also Mrs. Whaley's rocking chair, which sits close to a large window in the master bedroom, has been seen rocking even though no one was near it at the time. Mrs. Whaley used to enjoy sitting there on sunny days.

The parlor room in the Whaley house. Photos on wall are of Thomas and Anna Whaley.

"I have the definite belief that the upstairs is very private, even today," says Mrs. Reading. She went on to explain, "I've had a few experiences there, usually while locking the house at night, that weren't a bit pleasant." Explicitly cited was the chilling feeling she was being watched by someone directly behind her, yet no mortal was there.

The downstairs portion of the house isn't altogether immune from strange happenings, either. The first room the visitor views after taking a few steps across the carpeted entrance hall is the reading room and parlor. Ironically this room, where parties and gatherings took place in the century past, is said by phychic researchers to contain not the ghost of a Whaley family member, but a spirit of a different era!

Kay Steiner of the California Parapsychological Association has described seeing "the apparition of a man hanging in the archway between the reading room and parlor." It has been determined from historical records that the gruesome wraith must be a convicted boat thief known as Yankee Jim. He was hanged on that spot in 1852 after a quick trial in which he was found guilty of attempting to steal the harbor's pilot boat. His death took place a full five years before the house was completed. Thomas Whaley probably didn't know that a man had been hanged on the spot where his parlor would stand.

Occasionally sounds of someone babbling incoherently seep from the parlor and startle visitors and guides in the museum. Perhaps it is Jim's spirit continuing to hang there and talk; for Jim did not die immediately. The drop was too short and he slowly strangled for forty-five minutes. A man hopelessly gasping for air and imploring those witnessing his execution would be incoherent indeed.

Today the Whaley House is a part of a section which accentuates the past. It attracts over 30,000 visitors each year. If you go there hoping to see a ghost or experience some sort of psychic happening, there's no assurance that you'll be successful. As Mrs. Reading says, "They're unpredictable, rarely occurring when there are large crowds, but are sometimes heard when just a few persons are here." A great deal, I am sure, would depend on your imagination—and the Whaley House is a perfect setting to stimulate *that.*

Cowboy Strongman—Tom Tyler

(Continued from page 14)

Tyler on a long line of unusual characterizations.

His appearances in historical extravaganzas such as "Gone with the Wind" (MGM, 1939) and modern dramas like "Brother Orchid" (Warner Bros., 1940) and "The Talk of the Town" (Columbia, 1942) were conclusive evidence that he should never have been confined solely to stirrups and saddle.

He continued in Westerns, but his parts were in the vein of Luke Plummer. He was "Buck Newton" in "Frontier Marshal" (20th Century-Fox, 1939), which was the saga of Wyatt Earp (Randolph Scott) and Doc Holliday (Caesar Romero) based on the popular but highly controversial biography by Stuart N. Lake. Tom was "King Evans" in "The Westerner" (United Artists, 1940), the Gary Cooper-Walter Brennan saga of the fabulous Judge Roy Bean; "Grimes" in "Cherokee Strip" (Paramount, 1940), the story of the pious seizure of Oklahoma Indian lands, starring Richard Dix. Tom followed with a villainous role in Paramount's 1940 re-make of Zane Grey's "The Light of Western Stars," played "Geronimo" in RKO's 1942 screen version of Clarence Buddington Kelland's "Valley of the Sun." Tom's most sensational appearance was as "Kharis," the living mummy, in Universal's 1940 production, "The Mummy's Hand."

"A really excellent specimen he is, too," said the New York *Times*. "According to whispered advices, our Egyptian friend is not less than 3,000 years old—he's a trifle puckered up in the face but then, what do you expect at that age?—is kept alive with a mysterious elixir and, when the moon is full, walks murderously forth from his carved-stone coffin. . . . In the usual mumbo-jumbo of secret tombs in crumbling temples and salacious old high priests guarding them against the incursions of an archeological expedition, the scientists busily explore dank passageways and decipher weird hieroglyphics on tombs and chests, [while] jackals howl outside, the native work-gangs mutiny and the mummy is always just around the corner. . . . Frankenstein was just a lollipop compared to the mummy."

As a result, Tyler was chosen for two more serials: "The Adventures of Captain Marvel" (Republic, 1941) and "The Phantom" (Columbia, 1943). So adept was he in transferring these comic strip heroes to celluloid that these chapter plays became two of the most successful ever produced.

MEANWHILE, the departure of Bob Livingston as "Stony Brooke" in "The Three Mesquiteers" series left Republic in a bind. The problem was quickly solved. In no time they had Tom back in his Western outfit alongside his old pal of FBO and Syndicate silent days, Bob Steele. Comedian Rufe Davis rounded out this 3-M trio, to be replaced in 1942 by Jimmie Dodd.

From 1941 to 1943, Tyler appeared in thirteen Mesquiteers features: "Gauchos of Eldorado," "Outlaws of Cherokee Trail," "West of Cimarron," "Code of the Outlaw," "Raiders of the Range," "Westward Ho!" "The Phantom Plainsmen," "Shadows on the Sage," "Valley of Hunted Men," "Thundering Trails," "The Blocked Trail," "Santa Fe Scouts," and "Riders of the Rio Grande."

Shortly after completing the series, Tom's health began to fail. A crippling arthritis for which he could find no cure began chopping away at his powerful physique. He was forced to remain out of pictures two years. When he did return, it was obvious to his fans the disease had taken a heavy toll.

He continued to appear in pictures, however. He was "Lafe McWilliams" in "San Antonio" (First National, 1945); he played Frank James when the James Boys, the Dalton Brothers, Belle Starr, Sam Bass and a dozen more or less-celebrated desperadoes contributed their fair share of "shootin' an' brawlin'" in RKO's 1946 "Badman's Territory." He was "Frank Reardon" in RKO's 1948 "Blood on the Moon," and "Wild Bill Yeager" in "Return of the Badmen" (RKO, 1948). He again played Frank James in "I Shot Jesse James" (Screen Guild); "Hatch" in "The Younger Brothers" (Warner Bros.-First National); "Luke" in "Lust For Gold" (Columbia); and "Quayne" in John Ford's grand movie, "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon" starring John Wayne (Argosy Pictures Corporation)—all released in 1949.

Tom's illness, by this time, had reduced him to a mere shadow of himself, so that he was given only small assignments in his last pictures: "Colorado Ranger" (Lippert, 1950), "Trail of Robin Hood" (Republic, 1950) and "The Great Missouri Raid" (Paramount, 1951). The pilot film for a proposed TV series starring Tyler had to be shelved.

In 1952, a walking skeleton and penniless, Tom left the movie colony where he had once earned a fortune as a top-notch action star and went to his sister's home in Detroit. Here death came mercifully from a heart attack on May 1, 1954. He was fifty.

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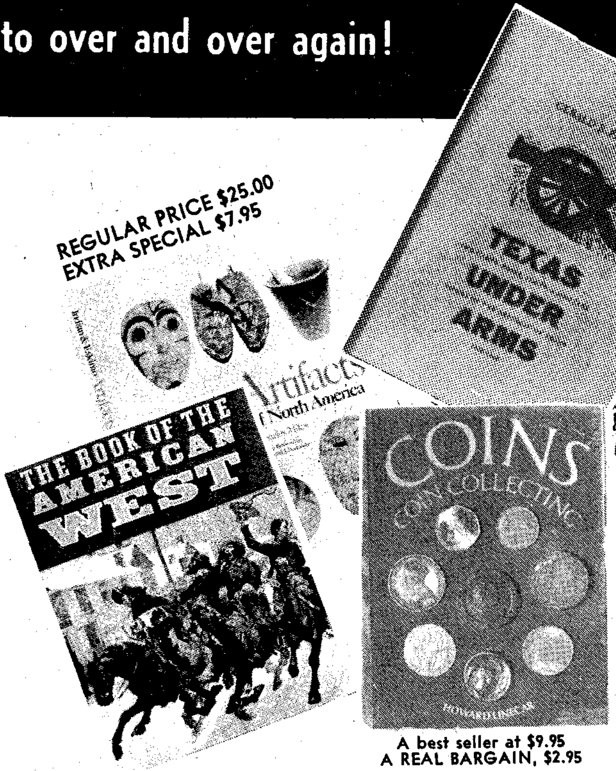

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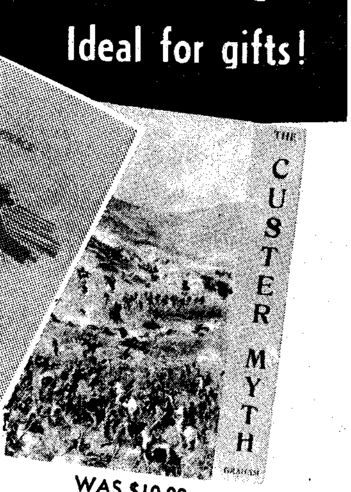

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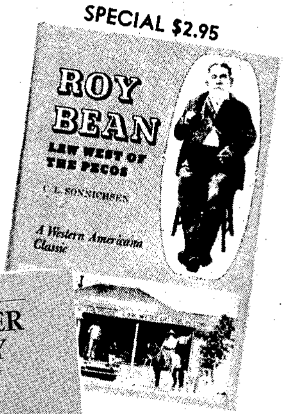

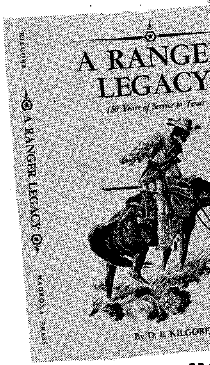

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As Sam's ore wagon rolled toward the Judge's office, he reached a decision as to how he could save $61. [Without doubt, it was the sorriest decision he ever made!]

1874
MINE'S HOTEL

SAM COVINGTON ran up the street, the two revolvers that he kept waving about serving to keep the pursuing crowd at a safe distance. His breath was coming hard now. Running uphill at an altitude of almost 9,000 feet is difficult, even when you are used to the high country. Sam must have wondered how he ever got in this mess.

Glancing back he saw a light express wagon pull ahead of the crowd, the horses' hoofs raising little spurts of dust. As the wagon drew closer Sam could see a man with a rifle sitting next to the driver. Evidently deciding that this was the showdown, Sam leveled his revolvers at the wagon and started firing.

Even though this was a mining town—Central City, Colorado—and back in 1896, not many of the crowd chasing Sam carried side-arms. In fact, one of the men that Sam had just gunned down was carrying a borrowed revolver, and the man who finally brought Sam to justice was using a borrowed rifle. (The man that Sam was really after didn't even get a scratch out of the whole affair!)

On this particular Wednesday morning, April 15, Sam Covington had come into town raring mad. Judge Seright, a Central City attorney, had slapped a garnishment on him for $61. Sam had talked with the Judge and told him that he would pay, but the judge was impatient.

A garnishment on his wages made Sam look like a four-flusher to his friends. "Who in the hell is this Judge Seright to garnishee my wages for a lousy $61?" Sam Covington couldn't get that thought out of his mind. It kept eating into him as he drove the heavy quartz wagon to Central City.

He had been in the mining district for about a year, and was presently working for Antone Caesario as a quartz hauler, driving wagons loaded with rich Gilpin County ore from the mines to the mills, smelter, or railroad.

It was a hard, tough life, and Sam was hard and tough, too. This morning he was hauling a load of ore to one of the mills at Black Hawk, a mile below Central, and his boss was riding with him. Their route was down Main Street in Central City right past Goldman's Corner, as the corner of Main and Lawrence streets was popularly called.

Elias Goldman ran a saloon with the inevitable card room on the first floor. On the second floor, reached by an outside stairway, were offices occupied by mostly professional people. It was upstairs, over Elias Goldman's card room that Judge Seright had his office.

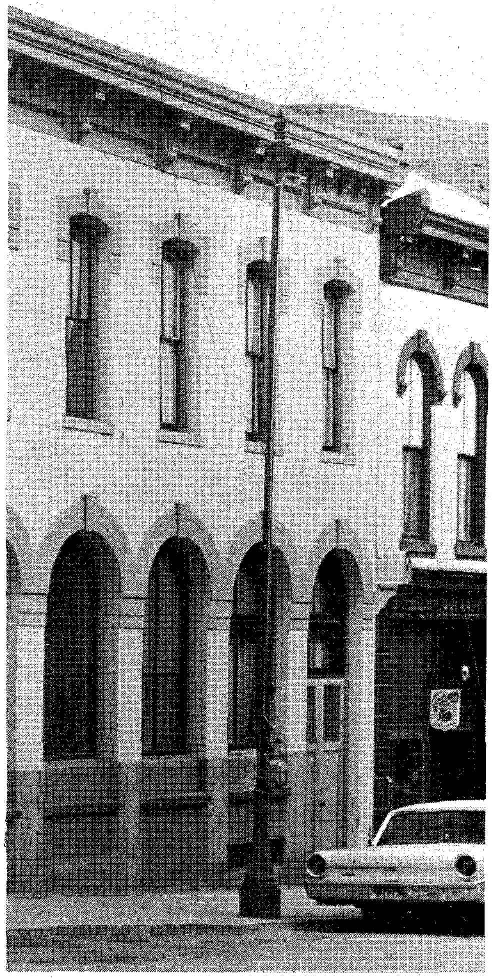
As the ore wagon approached the building Sam reached a decision—the wrong one. "I'm going to talk to Seright," he told Antone, stopping the wagon as he spoke.

His boss didn't think much of the idea. "Let's deliver this ore first. If you gotta see *this* lawyer, we can stop on the way back."

Sam was not to be persuaded. "Nope. I'm gonna see that s-o-b right now. I'll get this thing settled and then I'll buy you a drink."

Antone, knowing Sam, didn't argue further, but followed his employe to the Main Street entrance and up the stairs.

Goldman's Saloon as it appears today.



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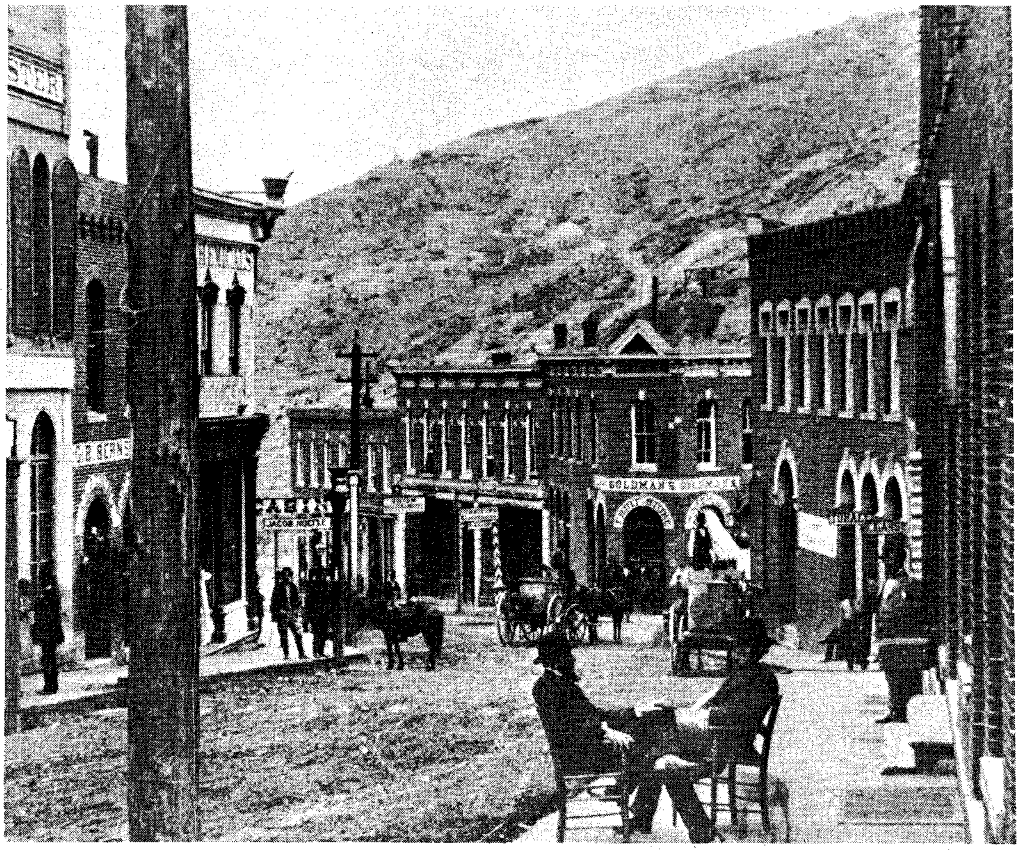
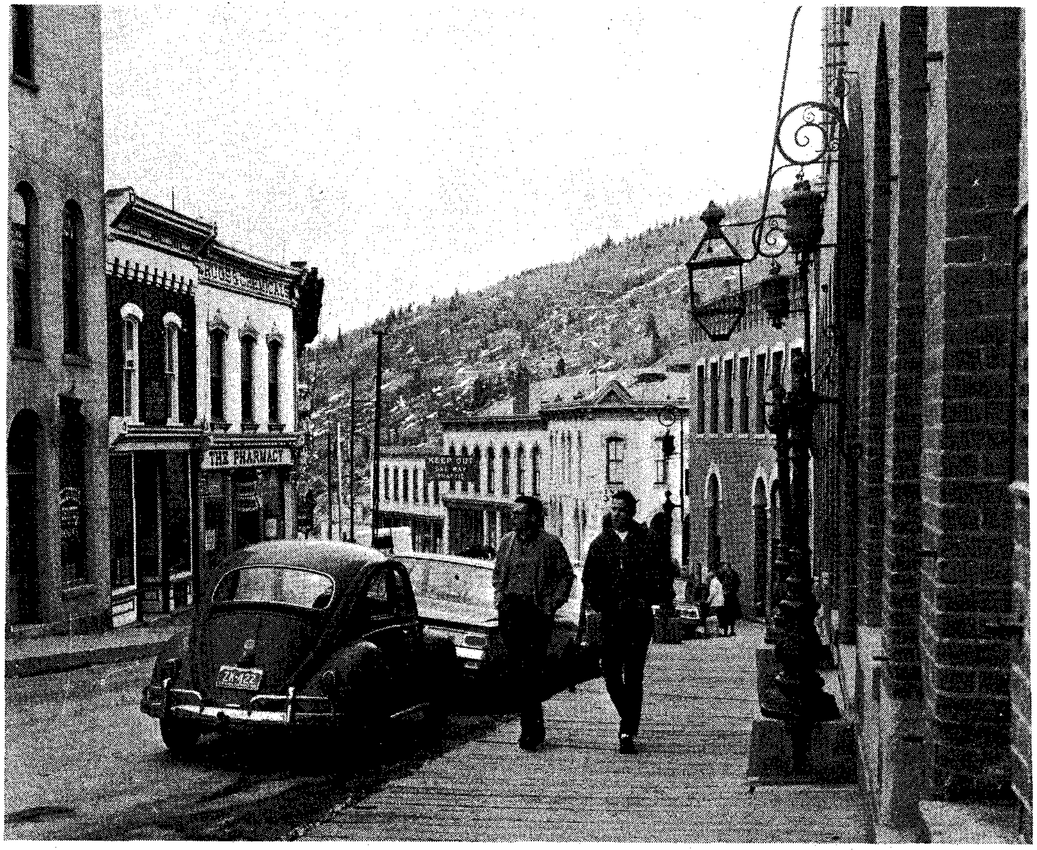


Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection

Above, Eureka Street in Central City, Colorado sometime in the 1870s. Below, the street photographed from the same position in more modern times.

Courtesy Central City Press



ABOVE SALOON

By HANK WIELER

Photos Courtesy Author

In his office on the second floor, Judge Seright was discussing business with another lawyer named Hammond.

THE FIRST intimation they had that the morning was going to be an exciting one when the door flew open and Sam Covington, revolver in hand, rushed in.

Before the judge could open his mouth, Sam shoved his revolver at Seright's chest and shouted, "I will settle that bill now!"

The judge, not to be intimidated by a mere teamster, pushed the revolver aside just as Sam fired. The bullet narrowly missed the judge and crashed through the floor into Goldman's card room just below. The bullet hit no one, but it sure broke up the card game in a hurry.

Hammond, seeing that Antone Caesario had no intention of entering into the affair, ran out of the room for assistance, followed by Caesario. Judge Seright, all alone now with his assailant, began talking like a Philadelphia lawyer, and succeeded in calming Sam down to the extent that he put his pistol back into his pocket. This show of pacifism lasted only a few moments. Sam seemed to sense that the Judge was only playing for time, and besides, the missing Hammond was certainly rounding up help to rescue his friend.

The teamster suddenly produced the pistol again and demanded that the judge write him out a paid receipt for the $61 "and do it right now!"

Seright, looking at the pistol aimed at his head, and remembering the shot that had just missed him, did not feel like arguing the point. He reached for his receipt book and asked Covington to dictate what he wanted written. The judge was still trying to play for time, hazardous though it was.

In the meantime, things were beginning to happen downstairs. Central City Marshal Keleher had stopped in Goldman's saloon to talk to some friends, and when Sam's bullet came whizzing through the ceiling of the card room, Keleher was startled, but not for long. He rushed outside and was just about to start up the stairway when he met Hammond dashing down the stairs to obtain help.

In a few words Hammond appraised Keleher of the situation, and together they hurried to the judge's assistance, Hammond bringing up the rear. A few people had already gathered at the bottom of the stairs, but none of them was about to go up and investigate. Keleher pushed through them and, followed by Hammond, started up the stairs making no effort to be quiet.

Seright had just finished writing the receipt when Keleher and Hammond were heard running up the stairs. The marshal started to open the judge's door, whereupon Sam Covington wheeled around and fired his revolver, striking Keleher in the chest. Seriously wounded, he fell to the floor and, without attracting further gunfire, crawled to the office of Judge Arrighi, next door to Judge Seright's office.

Lawyer Hammond again ran downstairs, shouting that the marshal had been shot. Former Gilpin County Sheriff R. B. Williams had heard the shots and, being unarmed at the time, rushed through the crowd that was beginning to gather in the street and dashed into the saloon to borrow a revolver. He then started up the stairs.

SAM COVINGTON had become panic-stricken by the unexpected turn of events. Forgetting all about the paid receipt that was on the desk before him, he ran out of the office—and seeing Williams, gun in hand, coming up the stairs—fired directly at the ex-lawman.

Williams, mortally hit, fell back exclaiming, "I'm shot!" As he fell on the stairs, several of the onlookers helped him out to the street.

Sam, taking advantage of the confusion, pulled out a second pistol as he made his escape. The sight of the wild-eyed gunman bursting through the door brandishing two revolvers cleared a path in nothing flat. Nobody wanted to be a dead hero.

Sam trotted up Main Street toward Nevadaville, ready to shoot anyone who might interfere with his flight. All was going his way so far, but one of the crowd, John Rank, had a Winchester rifle with him. Rank handed his rifle to Henry Lehman, a cattle raiser from Middle Park, known to be a good shot. Judge Arrighi, to whose office the wounded marshal had crawled, ordered Lehman to shoot Covington if necessary to protect the citizens. Judge Arrighi was the Central City police judge, so had the legal authority for giving such instructions.

By this time Covington had proceeded up Main Street to Nevada Street, and was well on his way to Nevadaville, a mile from Central City. Time was running short for anyone to capture him. If he didn't decide to stop at his living quarters in Nevadaville, he could continue west, and once through the town he had the immense area of the Rocky Mountains to hide in.

As Sam was gaining ground, an express wagon driven by a Sherman Harvey overtook the rifleman Lehman, picked him up, and started for Nevada Street fast. Sam by this time had reached the mountainside near the Corydon Mine on the outskirts of Nevadaville. It was here that Sam noticed the wagon pulling ahead of the rest of his pursuers.

Sam waited until they were about forty yards from him, and then let loose with his revolvers, firing at both Harvey and Lehman. With bullets whistling around the wagon, Lehman jumped to the ground, aimed carefully as though he had all the time in the world, and fired his borrowed Winchester.

Sam Covington promptly stopped firing and fell on his face, shot through the body.

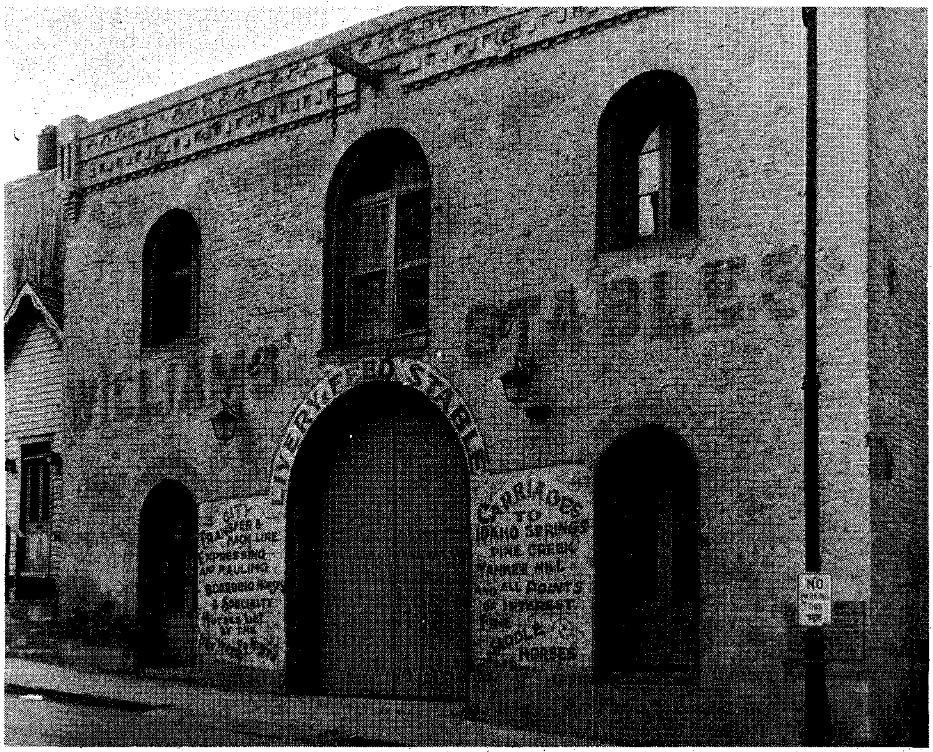
The crowd rushed up and, lifting the wounded quartz hauler, placed him in the express wagon for a return trip to Central City. A few of the spectators urged a lynching until reports were circulated that Sam could not live longer than a few hours at most.

Sam was in bad shape indeed by the time he arrived at the jail, and before a doctor could arrive he was dead. His body was then removed to the Harris undertaking rooms, where his remains were viewed by most of the townspeople. Later his body was buried in the city cemetery, the cost of the funeral being paid by his friends.

The seriously wounded Keleher had been the city marshal two years before, and had been reappointed to the job because of his excellent record. This reappointment had been made on the Monday of the week he was shot. Medical science in those days left a lot to be

The old Williams stables. It was operated by former Sheriff Williams, who was shot by Covington. Horses were stabled on the second floor and carriages on the ground floor.

Courtesy Central City Press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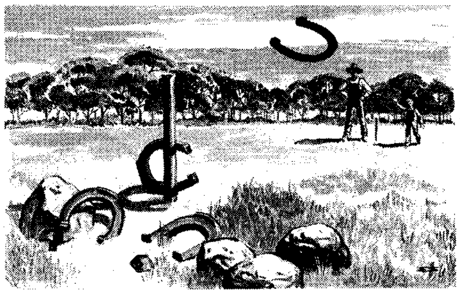

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desired. The first reports had Keleher critically wounded but possibly able to recover, and R. B. "Dick" Williams, seriously wounded but not in any great danger. In reality the reverse was true. Marshal Keleher recovered, but Williams lived only four days.

Keleher's residence was close to the schoolhouse, and Professor Keating, its principal, issued orders that the school bell was not to be rung, nor would any recess be held, so the injured man would not be disturbed.

The most tragic part of this affair was the death of Dick Williams, the Good Samaritan who had gone to the aid of the marshal. The very popular Williams operated the Williams Stables across the street from the opera house. His sense of civic duty was great, and he had not only served as mayor but had been a very able sheriff for several terms. So many wished to attend his funeral services that there wasn't a church or meeting hall in Central City large enough to accommodate them. The services were finally held in the opera house; even so, hundreds of people had to stand out in the street, unable to get in the building. Services were conducted by three pastors, representing the Episcopal, Catholic and Presbyterian Churches. At the conclusion Williams was buried in Bald Mountain Cemetery. It is said the funeral procession was made up of 116 carriages, twenty-seven horsemen, the members of local lodges, the fire brigade, and other friends and acquaintances—the largest funeral in Gilpin County history.

SAM COVINGTON today is even more of an enigma that he was in 1896. There are many interesting facets to the whole unfortunate affair. Sheriff Nicholls of Gilpin County took charge of the dead man's effects, and it was found that both of his guns were of .45 caliber. One was a Colt and the other a Smith and Wesson. Sam was also wearing a belt around his body with pockets under the arms for carrying his revolvers concealed.

Sam Covington's background was unknown, and a search of his room in Nevadaville yielded nothing in the way of clues. His acquaintances did state that before entering a saloon or store Sam would always look around the room as if expecting to meet with an enemy, but he never confided his past to anyone.

A further touch of mystery was added when on April 24, nine days after the shooting, Mr. Harris, the undertaker, received a letter from a woman who claimed to be the wife of a Samuel Covington. The letter in part read as follows: "Dear Sir: My husband disappeared in 1894. I was ill and my husband was telegraphed for. He disappeared and I heard he was killed on the railroad coming to me . . . he bore a good reputation and was well liked by all who knew him. . . ."

There are no known photographs of Covington, but he has been described as about five feet, eleven inches tall, weighing 160 pounds, and with light sandy hair and mustache.

Several years ago a manuscript was found which has been written by one of Marshal Keleher's sons. His story of the shooting, as he remembered his father's account, was that Sam Covington was a married man with a family. He was unemployed and had lost two of his children during a diphtheria epidemic that year. The garnishment was the straw that broke the camel's back, and Sam went after the judge. The account also states that rifleman Lehman who shot Covington became mentally deranged when given the true facts concerning the shooting.

Mrs. Glenn F. Williamson of Denver, younger sister of Dick Williams, recol-

The Corydon Mine site. It was on this section of road that Covington was shot.

lects that Sam Covington worked as a logger in the winters, coming down to Central City in the summer to work as a quartz hauler. That April in 1896 he arrived from the mountains to find his winter's wages had been garnished. He was furious and visited Judge Seright with fatal results.

Wife deserter? Desperado? Logger? Quartz hauler? Good family man? All we are certain of today is that Sam owed $61, shot two popular citizens of Central City, and is buried in an unmarked grave in the Central City Cemetery.

Goldman's Corner still stands, but the stairway to the second floor offices was removed to the inside of the building when the Central City Opera Association converted the building into the Mines Hotel.

An examination of the two photographs of Goldman's Corner, one taken before 1900 and the other in 1966, shows that basically its appearance is unchanged.

The building on the left-hand corner, with the apothecary mortar and pestle on the roof, was a drug store in the old photo, and in the modern photo is still a drug store—the oldest in Colorado.

The building to the extreme left of both photos houses the Central City weekly newspaper , the *Register Call.* The paper incidentally, is still in the same building and is still publishing, using the century-old presses.

Main Street, down which Sam Covington fled, is to the right of Goldman's Corner, and you will note that the buildings, generally, have the same appearance now as then.

The Saga of Mike Devaney

(Continued from page 19)

could do more than throw his brake valve into emergency position. Fire flew from the coach wheels as iron brake-shoes bit into them, but the 1770's momentum carried her into the rock pile. Her truck wheels left the rails and crunched along the wooden ties, followed by the driving wheels. The big ten-wheeler veered off to the left, toppling over on her left side as she slid down the rocky embankment. There was the sound of metal grinding on stone and the splintering of the wooden cab as the locomotive plunged into Cow Creek, but the pandemonium lasted only a few seconds until quiet again reigned in the wild canyon, the only sound being the hissing of steam escaping from broken pipes.

The locomotive's tender, heaped high with sticks of two-foot fuel wood, had followed the engine down the steep bank, spilling part of its load of wood, but the remaining cars of the Overland remained on the track with the leading baggage and express car derailed but upright.

When the brakeman and conductor hurried up to the head of No. 15 they found Engineer Jap Waite descending the bank in search of his fireman. Waite had leaped from the cab window as the engine turned over and escaped with nothing more serious than a sprained back. A hobo who had been riding the blind end of the baggage car was also at the scene, bruised but not hurt.

Mike Devaney was not so lucky. Riding the engine into the creek, he was found trapped in the shattered cab, his right leg pinned between the boiler of the locomotive and a tree trunk which lay on the creek bank. Jap Waite crawled into the wreck to comfort Devaney while the crew began what was to be a frantic, five-hour struggle to free him. Blankets were brought up from the train's Pullman cars to shelter big Mike from the steady downpour of rain as the train crew began to chop away the log that was holding him captive.

One of the trainmen was sent back afoot to Nichols siding, the last station to the rear, where a telegraph box made it possible for him to contact the Roseburg station and request help. The telegraph line to the south was intact and news of the wreck was sent to Glendale, about twenty-three miles south of the wreck site. A helper locomotive stationed there was dispatched down the canyon, followed by a locomotive from a northbound train piloted by Engineer Jim McCalley. Ironically, McCalley was to lose his life not long after the Devaney wreck when his engine derailed and plunged over an embankment in Cow Creek Canyon.

WHEN NEWS of the wreck reached Roseburg a relief train was hurriedly assembled to go to the scene. A wood-burning engine with Ernie Stroud at the throttle and Conductor Al Cloyd in charge of the wrecking train was soon speeding south from the terminal. Aboard was Agent Moore, in charge of the Roseburg depot, along with Roundhouse Foreman "Cyclone" Smith and Dr. Twitchell, the railroad company's local surgeon. Also on the relief train was a reporter from Roseburg's newspaper.

Boring through the driving rain, this relief train had the misfortune to derail somewhere between Roseburg and Myrtle Creek. The reporter aboard noted that the locomotive ran for nearly one-fourth of a mile on the ties before Engineer Stroud could bring it to a halt. Fortunately, the engine remained upright, no one was injured, and the crew had the outfit rerailed and headed on south in record time. The newspaper account stated that the relief train covered the twenty-seven miles between Roseburg and Myrtle Creek in fifty-five minutes, which included the time spent in rerailing the equipment. The wrecker was soon at the site and the rescuers had added help in their attempt to free Devaney. Mike had

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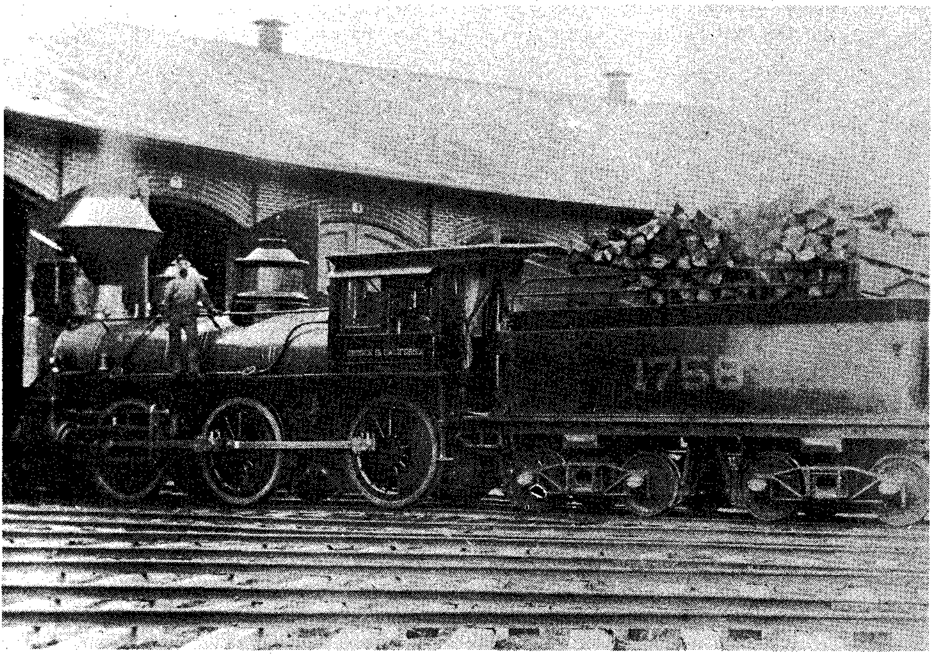

Engineer Mike Devaney standing on the running board of Oregon & California Railroad Engine 1758 at the roundhouse in Ashland, Oregon.

begged them to chop off his leg with an axe to keep him from death by drowning when the floodwaters rose higher into the cab, but the crew refused to do this and redoubled their efforts to free him.

The cars of the passenger train had to be pulled back to Nichols siding before the wrecker's locomotive could reach the overturned engine, all of which consumed precious time. The arrival of the two locomotives from the south brought additional help, and about six hours after Mike was trapped the crew finally was able to free him. He was placed aboard the relief train and hurried back to the Roseburg terminal. There an examination of his crushed leg by local doctors held out hope that the limb was not too severely injured, but complications developed and in March 1899 Mike was taken to a hospital in Portland where the injured leg was amputated about halfway between the knee and ankle.

This was a crushing blow to the promising young engineer, apparently spelling the end of his railroad career. To make matters worse, the severed limb's stump did not heal properly and a second amputation was necessary, this time the leg being removed at the knee.

Then began the long and painful struggle to learn to use an artificial limb and to support his family. Mike found a job in Roseburg in a cigar store and soda fountain that catered to railroad men, located near the station. Here he stumped around on crutches, working while the leg healed. While it was a job, railroading was in Mike's blood and he kept dreaming of the day he might return to railroad service. At night in his home, located only a few blocks from the railroad yards, Mike could hear the clanging bells, the chuffing of the engines as they came and went, and the lonely cry of the whistles as the freight and passenger trains rolled off in the darkness. Nellie comforted and encouraged him and one day he hobbled home with tears of joy in his eyes—he was going back to railroading! Not as an engineer, but nevertheless as a railroader.

Three busy streets crossed the railroad track in Roseburg and the company had hired Mike as a crossing watchman. Still using his crutches and his new artificial leg, Mike was stationed in a little wooden shelter at the Mosher Street crossing. Armed with a red flag, his duties were to warn vehicular traffic whenever a train approached the crossing. The roundhouse was located just south of the street crossing and railroaders going on or off duty could stop to chat for a few minutes, keeping Mike posted on all of the news of the Division. Two blocks to the north was the passenger station and Mike could watch the passenger trains arrive and depart. His dream of pulling the throttle on one of them was lost, but at least he was earning enough money to support his children, the son and three daughters who were Mike's pride and joy.

RAIN OR SHINE, Mike faithfully guarded the crossing and soon was able to get around with only one crutch and was finally able to discard even that aid and walk without help. Road officials had kept a watchful eye on the gutsy Irishman and one happy day they approached him with good news. Mike was promoted to a better job, one with more money and more responsibility, but better yet, one working with his beloved steam.

Near the roundhouse in Roseburg was a brick structure housing the railroad's power plant, where the salvaged boiler from a scrapped locomotive provided steam to operate the stationary engine that provided power to run the roundhouse and car shop machinery. Mike was promoted to stationary engineer and put in charge of the plant. Here he could tend the boiler, keep up steam and operate the engine that powered the machinery. And it was here that Mike found a home that was to last until he retired from service It was a job entirely suited to him and he lavished his time on the boiler and engine entrusted to him. Mike started work in the stationary boiler room in 1907 and spent the next twenty years of his life there.

The old locomotive boilers in the plant were replaced with a modern stationary boiler, and fuel oil supplanted the wood and coal formerly used to keep up steam, all of which made Mike's job easier. He had the Irishman's love of beauty and in his spare time he transformed the area around the boiler room into a garden spot amid the rather drab surroundings of the roundhouse. Mike planted a wide variety of rose bushes, along with iris, lilac trees and other flowers and shrubs, some of which were still flowering when the shop was torn down in the 1950s. He loved this garden and the chance it gave him to dabble in the soil.

The care of his garden plot did not diminish the care of his power plant by any means. Framed and prominently displayed on the wall of the boiler room was a certificate of commendation awarded to Mike by the railroad company for keeping the stationary power plant immaculate.

World War I came and Mike watched with a saddened heart as the long troop trains carried away the local boys who were off to make the world safe for Democracy—among them his only son, Leo G. Devaney. Many of the lads in khaki would never return, but Fate was kind to Mike and it was a great day when his son came back after meritorious service as an instructor with this country's then-primitive Air Force.

In September 1922 Mike's wife died, and the home they shared for thirty-seven years must have seemed intolerably lonely. Five years later, when the Southern Pacific pensioned Michael Devaney after thirty-eight years and eight months of faithful service, many of the old-timers Mike had worked with had passed on, and the old man decided to leave Roseburg. He moved east of the Cascade Mountains to make his home in Klamath Falls with a daughter, Helena Joyaux. In November 1931, Mike answered his final call and his remains were brought back to Roseburg. Today he lies beside his devoted Nellie in St. Joseph's Cemetery, within sound of the trains that he loved and that cost him so dearly.

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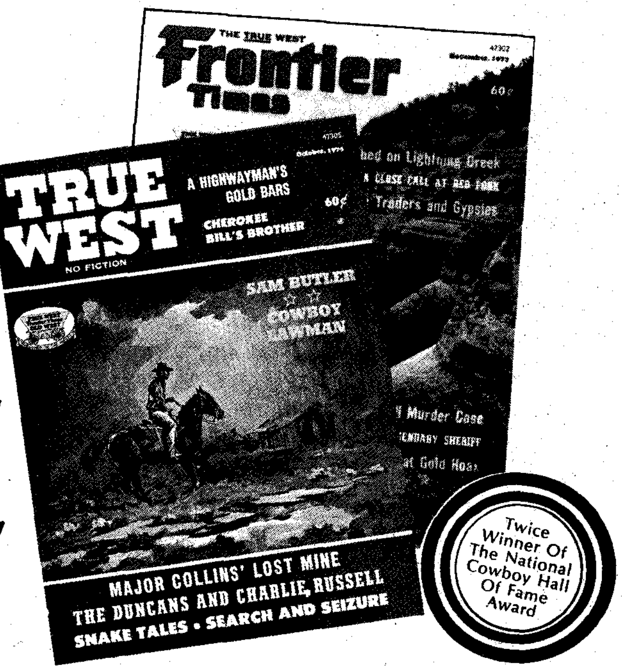
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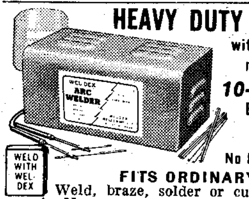

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Horsehead Crossing

(Continued from page 25)

herd.

"To be more explicit on the location referred to by Mr. Draper, he states as follows: 'We crossed the sandy river bottoms and forded the shallow stream at Pontoon Crossing, about 35 miles upstream [downstream] from Horsehead. It was not long until we came out on the flat mesquite-covered land, between low sandstone bluffs, near the present site of the oil town of McCamey in Upton County.'

"Mr. Draper says that it was at this point that he began to get the full story from Dave Shepherd. He does not say then exactly where they went from there, but states that after, they went back to the Pecos River and then worked out a plan to look for the money and drew up a 'buried treasure contract,' a copy of which Mr. Draper said he still had in his old Texas land file. He stated that the next morning they started out and rode into a waste called Rattlesnake Draw on the north side of the Pecos River near Horsehead Crossing. But this was not the place, and a half mile further on they stopped and started exploring caves. From then on, they 'prowled here and there in Rattlesnake Draw' looking in caves, finally finding two iron boxes in each of two caves, which contained what Mexican gold pesos they did find.

"I recite the above in order to give some information about where the land was located. Although Mr. Draper does not say so, I assume that it might have been on the north side of the Pecos River or west of Horsehead Crossing rather than east, but am not sure.

"Mr. Draper also says in his article that oil was discovered on Dave Shepherd's land and he died a rich man.

"If you could supply any information regarding Dave Shepherd or the exact location of the land involved, it would be much appreciated and might lead to something. You could either write me or call me collect."

IN AUGUST 1866, Colonel Charles L. Pyron, en route from Franklin (El Paso) by way of the Guadalupe Mountains and Horsehead Crossing, reported that he passed 10,000 head of cattle on or near the Pecos River. In December of that year John Chisum drove 600 head of Jinglebob branded steers past Horsehead Crossing en route to Bosque Grande.

In January 1867 a group of men, including Jacob Snively, Colonel W. C. Dalrymple, and Mose Carson (a brother of Kit), was traveling westward in search of minerals. They encountered some 200 Kiowas and Comanches between the headwaters of the Middle Concho and Horsehead Crossing. A number of Indians and horses were killed. The prospectors were left to struggle on foot back to the Frank Tankersley ranch on Dove Creek. The weary men were rescued by Rich Coffey and his party, who were headed for a load of salt from the Salt Lake near Horsehead Crossing in present Crane County.

Three months later Indians attacked Ben Gooch and his cowboys at Horsehead Crossing. The cowboys were under siege for three days while a portion of the Indians drove off the entire herd of cattle. Fortunately, Colonel Dalrymple and a group of mineral prospectors, again heading west, galloped to the rescue in time to force the remaining Indians to retreat.

The prospectors were also able to relieve J. D. Hoy, his wife and daughters and some of their cowboys who had been pinned down in the old Butterfield Stage Station for about four days. Among the casualties was a Mexican cowboy who attempted to escape by swimming the Pecos River and drowned. The Hoys were left destitute. The Indians managed to take their cattle and most of their remuda. They had the meat of one oxen to sustain them and their cowboys while they made their way to the settlements of Texas or New Mexico.

That same spring, Oliver Loving, Charles Goodnight and W. J. Wilson combined their herds and trailed up the Middle Concho. They let the herd fill up on water and grass before starting the 100-mile trek to the Pecos, for that route was sometimes devoid of water. The herd was pushed continuously for three days and nights. Three hundred cattle died of thirst. When the cattle arrived at the Pecos the cowboys attempted to herd them to the water in small bunches. Even so, the cattle in front plunged in the river or were shoved in by those behind.

During all this confusion the wily Indians attacked and moved off with about 300 cows, leaving the cowboys with a meagre 350 head. A few drovers scouted back on their trail toward the Concho. After traveling many miles they spotted the Indians driving the missing cattle east. The cowboys wisely decided to leave well enough alone and returned to Horsehead Crossing, for they were greatly outnumbered. From this point, Loving, Goodnight and Wilson moved up the river with their remaining herd, but this trip was marked for more tragedy. Loving and Goodnight were surrounded and attacked by a large number of Indians. A severe wound received in this encounter resulted in the death of Loving, for whom Loving County, Texas is named.

The reestablishment of Fort Davis, a little over 110 miles west of Horsehead, took place in June 1867, and that of Fort Stockton, thirty-five miles southwest of the crossing, in July of the same year. Camp Charlotte was established near the headwaters of the Middle Concho by Lieutenant Boehm, who soon afterward sent a sergeant and twenty men to guard a herd of cattle en route to Horsehead on June 24. On July 29, Captain Gamble and a detachment from Fort Stockton trailed Indians to Horsehead Crossing and arrived there in time to prevent an attack on the men driving two large herds.

On September 30, Ben Ficklin took over the government mail contract from San Antonio to El Paso, routing it by way of Fredericksburg, Mason, Fort Concho, up the Middle Concho and Centralia Draw, through Castle Gap to Horsehead Crossing and to Forts Stockton and Davis, and then to El Paso.

By April 18, 1868 the route to Horsehead Crossing was reinforced with additional troops. A picket was placed at Wild China Ponds and a company of infantry at Horsehead Crossing. Both places were supplied with guards from Fort Stockton. Even so, an additional company of cavalry out of Fort Stockton was camped at Pecos Station (S Crossing) with instructions to explore for a shorter and better route to Fort Concho. Between April and June, the fifteen-man picket had been transferred to Castle Gap. On June 4, 1868, it was moved back to guard China Ponds.

BY July 12, 1868 the mail was surely going down by Camp Melvin (or Melbourne), for at that time First Lieutenant R. Neely with Company A, 41st Infantry, left Fort Stockton for temporary duty guarding mail at Pecos Station, and Company D of that unit returned from temporary duty at Horsehead Crossing.

Among the cattle moved westward across Horsehead without incident in 1868 were the herds of John Dalton, Mose Terry, Abe Denton, Mr. Snyder, O. M. Poor, A. G. Boyce, John Chisum, John Hitson, Rube Gray, a Mr. White, and John and Tom Owens. Robert Casey and Ben Gooch were not so fortunate. They lost 1300 head of cattle and all their work oxen to the Indians. The above incidents give a small idea of the men and hundreds of thousands of cattle which moved over Horsehead Crossing en route to stock and feed the West.

In 1869 Lieutenant Colonel Thomas B. Hunt described the route in considerable detail. Part of that description reads: "Castle Mountain Canyon is about two miles long, very rough and rugged with a few alkaline water holes and full of dead cattle. The water is totally unfit to drink for man or beast. It contains a great variety of beautiful wild flowers. . . . Pecos River is about 40 feet wide, four and one half feet deep banks 10 feet high; the bottom is quicksand, current rapid, water muddy and strong with alkaline. . . . Road from Canyon to river heavy sand. . . . Road from Canyon to river sandy plain, full of dead cattle." Hunt's sketch of the area places the old Butterfield stage station upstream and around the bend of Horsehead, with a ferry a short distance below the crossing.

In regard to the quicksand, old-timers said, "If you did not tramp down the sand from around a cow's hoof, you could pull her head off without getting that hoof out of the sand."

In spite of Indian skirmishes, commerce and cattle herds continued to use this route. Conditions had changed very little by September 2, 1872 when M. J. Doyle and his crew surveyed from the site of Horsehead Crossing to the southeast corner of the Cordona Survey, recording a distance of six or seven miles between those two points as shown by the General Land Office File 21 M3. Later in 1890, the Walter Phelps survey of Block 9, H & G N, shows Horsehead Crossing to be a little distance up the river from the northeast corner of Survey No. 44, Block 9, H & G N Survey in Pecos County. The Western Aerial Photography Laboratory map, classified

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as DWQ-1KK-128, and dated December 18, 1968, indicates that Horsehead Crossing was on Section 44 in that Block 9, H & G N, of Pecos County. The surveys in Crane County confirm its location in that vicinity.

BY 1900 a number of irrigation projects had been installed along and up the Pecos in New Mexico and Texas. In spite of this drain, the river remained a lively stream and I recall seeing the Pecos with running water half-way up its banks. Sometimes floods extended the water in the river for a mile in width.

In 1936 the Texas Centennial Commission sent the marker for Horsehead Crossing to me, with the request that I have it placed on the Pecos River. I had never been to Horsehead Crossing and "passed the buck" to my brother Waldo, who had done considerable surveying in this region. My father also was familiar with the location. I was later told that Waldo and Gene Groves escorted the truck driver to the location where the present marker stands. Maps made by the State Land Office show the crossing's location, where the marker was expected to be placed, as near the center of Section 44 in Block 9, H & G N, Pecos County.

For a number of years rumbling on the east side of the Pecos has contended that the monument for Horsehead Crossing is in the wrong place. I contacted the late William Cope, formerly a deputy sheriff of Pecos County, who crossed the river at Horsehead in 1900. He confirmed the marker's present location as being approximately correct though floods and erosions over the years had changed the shape of the river and its banks. He said that in 1900 there was a small ripple of falls in the river. When one crossed the river he should stay above that ripple, for if he washed over it into deeper water it meant trouble. The old road leading away from it had formed a gully which had grown up with mesquite trees.

My friend, James Beck, process engineer for the Northern Natural Gas Company, provided me with the Colonel Hunt information and counted me in on a trip to the vicinity of the Horsehead Crossing as depicted by the aerial photograph. This picture, on a scale of eight inches to the mile, plainly shows the route into Horsehead Crossing from the Castle Gap region and the road headed toward Antelope Spring and Fort Stockton.

We arrived at the State Marker for the Horsehead Crossing, which is located about 75 to 100 feet north and 400 feet west of the northeast corner of Section 44 in Block 9, H & G N. My companions, James Beck, Marvin H. Raven, and Don Buterbaughn, were equipped with metal detectors, lunches, shovels, digging equipment, tennis shoes, a rope and towels. (The latter items were to use after wading the Pecos.)

We scouted the south side and up the river from the marker because the aerial photograph indicated the crossing to be above the next bend of the river. Some small promise existed in an arroyo cut leading south. Conceivably this could have been started with pick and shovel crews for the first teams and wagons. That theory was not sufficiently convincing, however, so we scouted back down the river for a shallow place to cross for, if possible, we still had to locate the Butterfield station site.

I went ahead as the operators of the metal detectors slowly moved downstream. I studied a place where the stream was narrow and there was some grass-covered turf lying firmly about one foot above the water. Convinced that it might be deeper than wading depth, I took off all but my shirt and undershirt, placed my clothes on my head and started across. My feet sank deeper and deeper into the murky mud bottom as the water got deeper. With each step it proved more difficult to withdraw my feet from the mud. By the time I had reached the opposite bank, my feet were penetrating the mud to a depth of one and one-half feet. I was delighted to reach out and grab the grass and pull myself out of that mire in which my feet had bogged.

A short walk up the east side of the river took us to the location of the 1938 section-corner monument, a flat inscribed stone standing upright in the soil, representing the joint south corner of Surveys 1 and 37 in Block 1, H & T C, Crane County, Texas. According to the aerial picture, this corner was close to the old Comanche War Trail and the road from Castle Gap to Horsehead Crossing. From that location, Mr. Beck had calculated the approximate distance and direction across to where stood the old Butterfield stage stand.

The Pecos winds around like a coiling snake, and as I walked back up its twisting bank I thought of the story Frank Perry of Fort Stockton told me about a pioneer who arrived at the Pecos and camped out on its bank for the night. After hobbling the team, he felt sure the animals would not graze far during the night. The next morning, when he arose, he saw his team across the river about one-half mile away. He swam across the river toward them six times before figuring out they were on the same side of the river as the camp!

In the proximity of the supposed location of the stage stand, our metal detectors found a number of lead slugs about the size of a .30-30 bullet and some spent shells, which my companions thought were from .44-40 rim-fire and .38-40 center fire guns. Occasionally pieces of crockery were picked up and signs of old campfires were detected. But these were not clues enough to give us the information we sought. Even the great quantity of quicksand, which old-timers say lined the banks, has almost completely vanished.

Horsehead Crossing has a colorful history in the early development of West Texas although it's difficult to realize now when one views the drab appearance of the area and the scant water bed of the once treacherous Pecos. Man, time, and nature have finally subdued the river. And the Pecos, with the floods and changes, of course does not reveal the wagon and animal tracks of the notorious crossing. Only an aerial picture discloses the signs of an old trail leading into and away from it.

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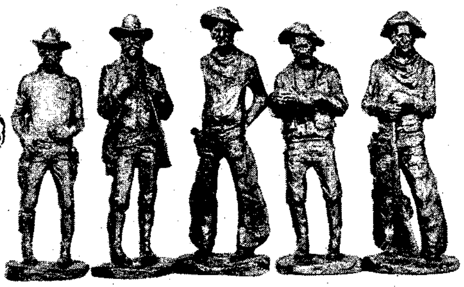

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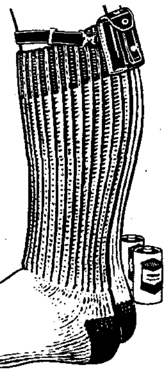

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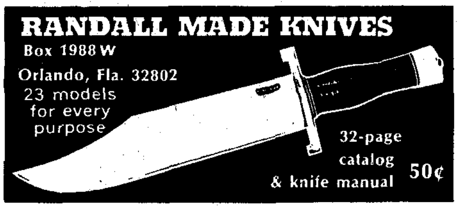

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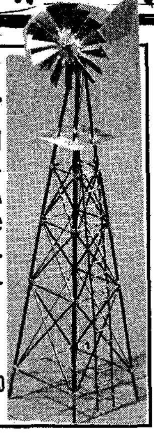

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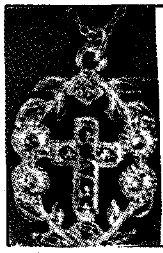

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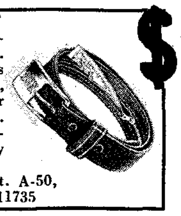

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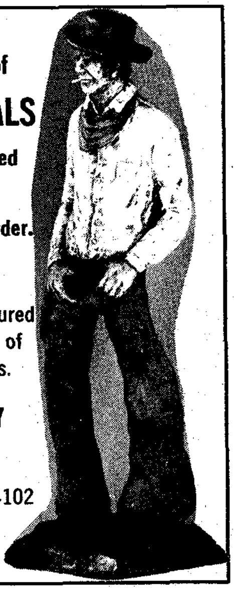

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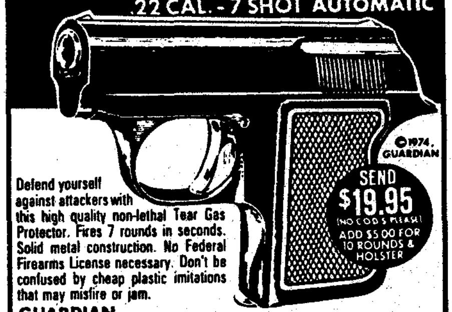

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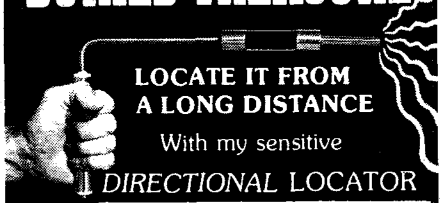

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Penalty for a Midnight Robbery

(Continued from page 21)

the spacious porch. He was a man of small stature, with short sandy hair and several days' growth of beard.

WITH the immediate danger removed and the excitement of the moment over, reaction set in. Rodgers discovered he had been shot, and a sudden weakness overcame his wife. She too found she was wounded. Running to the screen door Rodgers furiously fired the last shot from his pistol, at the same time calling for help, hopeful that nearby neighbors would come to their aid. He then rushed to Rebecca's room and in a matter of moments became delirious. His wife by then had fainted.

Mary Klinkerman ran to the homes of Dr. Minney and Dr. G. A. Huron, both close neighbors. Shortly after their arrival two other doctors, Alexander and Hogeboom, were called. Examinations revealed that Rodgers had been shot twice, one bullet entering near the navel and passing through the liver, the other penetrating his left shoulder. The first wound was sufficient to prove fatal. Mrs. Rodgers' condition was also critical.

When Mrs. Rodgers regained consciousness, she pleaded for permission to be with her husband, but the doctors feared seeing his intense suffering would cause her condition to worsen. Meanwhile Rodgers, in delirium, kept calling for his wife and children and appeared fearful that someone was trying to harm them. It was said that his mental agony was enough to unnerve those standing by. At 9:30 that morning he died.

A REPORT of the crime had reached police headquarters some half hour after the shooting, and officers arrived on the scene shortly thereafter.

The Rodgers house was a handsome two-story brick, surrounded by spacious grounds. Other homes of a like nature stood on the streets in that section of town. Investigation showed that several of them had been entered earlier in the night. On the southeast corner of Third and Fillmore, the robber had ransacked the home of a Mrs. Wade while the family was asleep, an unstated sum of money and some valuables being taken; the Corey home at 325 Fillmore had been entered and a gold brooch, a silver watch, and some money were missing; a third home, that of F. Cook at Fifth and Buchanan, had been entered but nothing of value was stolen.

Police Chief Gardner assigned officers to patrol every road leading out to Topeka. Sergeant Simonton and Officer Crist went by train to Tecumseh, a small town five miles from the capital, and there got off and started walking back to Topeka via the Tecumseh pike.

At the Santa Fe bridge spanning a small creek, the Shunganunga, they spotted a man approaching. At about the same time the stranger apparently saw the officers and ran from the track into some trees and bushes. The officers also left the railroad track and secreted themselves behind some large trees, and soon the man emerged and unknowingly walked their way.

By the faint light of a new moon the officers noted that the man was short and generally answered the description they'd been given of the burglar. When he came opposite their hiding place, the officers sprang out and stopped him. When they asked what he was doing there at that time of night he replied he'd been put off a freight by the trainmen. They observed that his forehead was bloody and that he carried his hand in a ragged bandage. On the left side of his head were two cuts as if he had been stuck with a blunt weapon. He wore his hat pulled well down over that side of his head so the wounds were not visible until it was removed. (His right hand showed signs of having been injured, and at the station later it was determined there were imprints of teeth on two of his fingers.)

"I think you are the man we want," said Simonton and they marched him back along the tracks to the police station. There a thorough search revealed two watches, a number of rings, and the pin which was identified as the one taken from the Cook home.

The prisoner explained his wounds by saying they had been inflicted by a brakeman who "assisted" him off the train. He said that his home was in Colorado, but later changed that to Indiana. As soon as possible Mary Klinkerman was summoned.

During the manhunt, news of the tragedy had spread throughout Topeka. A crowd of men gathered in front of the jail and watched as Sheriff Fuller drove up accompanied by the Rodgers' maid. Miss Klinkerman was escorted into the jail and the man who had given his name as Nat Oliphant was brought out. At first sight of him, Mary exclaimed, "That's the man!" There was no hesitancy in her identification. Oliphant was returned to his cell; Mary Klinkerman, sworn to secrecy, returned to the Rodgers home.

Chief Gardner, sensing trouble from the gradually increasing crowd of men outside the jail, doubled the guards as a measure of safety. Sheriff Fuller went out and talked to those nearest the jail, disguising some of the facts and suggesting that everyone go home. Some did as he asked but an estimated 500 men remained, and threats of lynching Oliphant, should he be proved the murderer, were heard on every hand.

Alphonse Rodgers was highly regarded in Topeka. He had come to Kansas eighteen years before, after serving in the Civil War in Company B, 142nd Indiana Regiment. Ten years later he married Bertie Geiger. The couple had two children, Rebecca, aged seven, and Susie two months old.

Now upon learning of his tragic death, the citizens were aroused to a pitch which caused law officers great concern.

DURING that weary afternoon men continued to gather around the Topeka jail. However, they remained comparatively quiet, contenting themselves with talk. For the most part they were professional and businessmen—lawyers, merchants, bankers—who had known the deceased. Anyone circulating among them

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would have arrived at the opinion that their verdict was that Oliphant was guilty, for in some unknown manner, they had learned that Mary Klinkerman had made positive identification of the prisoner.

Through a three-hour period from noon until mid-afternoon the crowd grew to an estimated 1,000 persons. Though they were orderly, officers in charge became more and more apprehensive and quietly called in reinforcements. Guards were stationed at every entrance, and Oliphant was placed in what was considered the safest part of the jail. That was a cell located in the center of the basement which could only be reached by going through some dozen doors.

A coroner's jury of six men met at three o'clock. They called at the Rodgers home and there viewed his body, after which they called in Mary Klinkerman and took her testimony. She swore that Nat Oliphant was the man she'd seen fighting with Mr. and Mrs. Rodgers eleven hours before.

The jury returned to the jail where the testimony of Sergeant Vanderpool, regarding the jewelry found on the prisoner, was taken. Oliphant was then visited in his cell. He was thoroughly cowed and frightened, and had little to say. To all questions his answer was, "I don't know."

The jury, whose report was to the effect that Oliphant was the murderer in question, was dismissed until 1 p.m. the following day, Wednesday, June 5. A plan to take Oliphant to the Rodgers home was abandoned in view of the growing agitation of the citizens.

By six o'clock the crowd around the jail had increased, and men spoke openly of "hanging." District Court Judge John Guthrie issued an appeal in circular form in an effort to reverse the violent trend. Leaflets were distributed all over Topeka, especially around the jail. The effort was wasted.

BY seven o'clock some 2,000 men stood in front of the jail. An hour later this number had doubled, and ring-leaders formed a march that led to the Metropolitan Hall where speeches favoring lynching met with loud approval.

Suddenly Judge Guthrie appeared on the stage and demanded to be heard, but the crowd, whose mood had turned vicious, drowned his voice in a wild clamor for "justice." A rope was thrown onto the stage, knotted in the approved hangman's knot and cut long enough to be thrown over the crossbar of the tallest telegraph pole in Topeka. Judge Guthrie watched helplessly as men made a sudden dash for the door—headed he knew, for the jail.

The square around the jail was jammed with people. It appeared that every man (and numerous women) in Topeka had come to witness the lynching of Nat Oliphant. Their shouting sound could be heard for several blocks in every direction.

Suddenly there was a rush for the door leading to the jail proper, a door guarded by a dozen policemen. These met the first charge and succeeded in forcing the mob to retreat. The police then moved back to the steps and two minutes later were charged upon again. This time the attackers were more successful. Chief Gardner was struck on the head and seriously wounded.

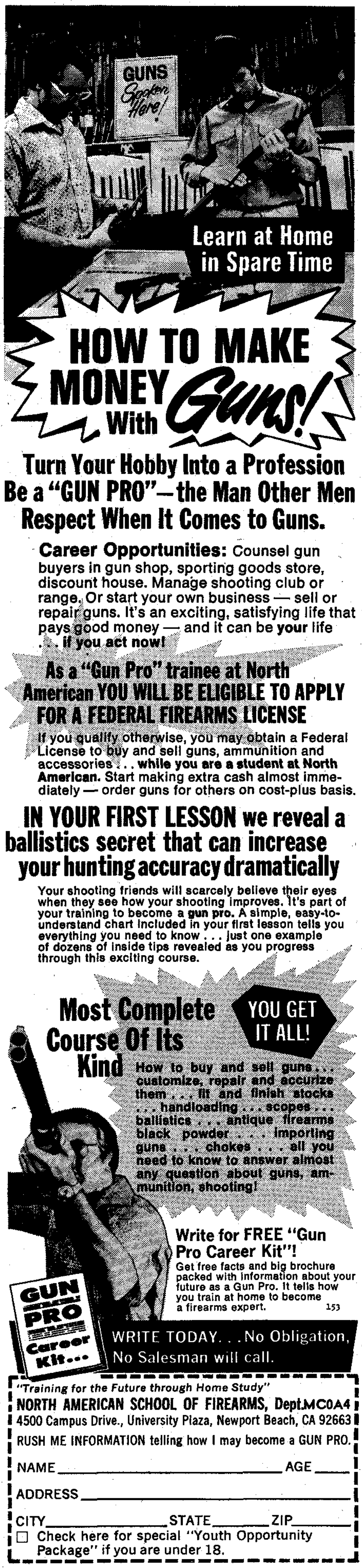
A heavy plank, used as a battering ram, broke down the door to the jail. Men rushed in, clamoring for the keys to Oliphant's cell, but Sheriff Fuller and the turnkey bravely refused.

"The man you want is not here!" cried Fuller in an attempt to divert them.

At this a man elbowed his way through the crowd waving a huge sledge hammer, and there was a rush down into the cell room. The cells were of bar iron, built into a square two tiers high. In the center of the main tier was an iron cage where Oliphant was locked. Men immediately set to work with the hammer, battering the iron doors. A request for more hammers was quickly filled from a nearby blacksmith shop, together with picks and crowbars.

Two hours later only the heavy door of the cage stood between the cringing prisoner and the lynch-mad men who worked by candlelight after Fuller had turned off the electric lights.

At last the door gave way, "We've got him!" came the cry. Oliphant was hurried outside and onto the Fifth Street sidewalk. Pale as death, he stumbled



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along shaking with fright. "Hang him! Hang him!" went up the cry.

Oliphant was dragged through the street to the First National Bank which occupied a commanding position at the corner of Kansas and Sixth Avenues. As Oliphant mounted the steps of the bank's entrance, an estimated 8,000 persons stood in the street.

STRAIGHTENING to his full height, Oliphant, with a show of bravery, looked them over. A deep hush fell upon the crowd.

"He wants to pray!" shouted a man. But Nat Oliphant did not pray. Instead he turned to a reporter standing near him.

"I am guilty. I shot Mr. Rodgers and his wife, but I did it in self-defense. My name is Nat C. Oliphant. I came here from Newton [Kansas]. I had two accomplices last night, both of whom were from Kansas City. I am willing to die, but I wish they would hang me from the State House so my neck would be broken."

Suddenly the prisoner was thrown to the ground and the rope deftly slipped around his neck. He was pulled toward a nearby electric light pole. Two men climbed up, pulling the rope end which they tied over the crossarm. This required but a moment, and before they reached the ground the body of Oliphant shot upward and passed them. This gave impetus to their descent. As they reached the ground a shot was fired.

The victim's arms swayed slightly, then he hung motionless, the light showing plainly that Nat Oliphant had paid for his crime.

Several days after the lynching the Topeka *Capital* headlined the following: "The Grave Yawns—And Oliphant Waits Not for Gabriel's Trump." The report then stated that following his burial, conducted secretly in the Topeka Cemetery, the location was ferreted out by certain persons who were determined that his remains should not desecrate the city's burial ground. The body had been removed from the grave. Oliphant's shroud and empty coffin were all that remained to show he'd briefly rested there.

Malvina Rodgers remained hospitalized during most of the summer. On her release, she refused to return to her old home which now held such bitter memories. The property was continually pointed out as "the murderer house," and eventually was put up for sale. It was four years before a buyer was found.

What's the Use of Going On?

(Continued from page 30)

carry some floor boards from the shed. They were left over from the flooring Papa John had used for the house. Mama measured the length of the sewing machine—thirty-two inches—and cut the boards that length.

"We are making a table for our Thanksgiving dinner," she explained. When she finished, the table top was thirty-two inches square. She put it on the sewing machine and about a foot of it stuck out in front.

"When I am sewing I can lean this table top against the wall behind the machine."

"May we do our lessons on it?" I asked.

"Yes!" Roger answered. He grabbed an armful of books and whacked them down on the protruding part. The table top tilted forward and all of the books went onto the floor.

Mama got out our sadirons and lined them up on the side of the table that was against the wall. "Try it again," she suggested. That time he picked up the books and gently put them on the table, and of course they stayed there.

After Thanksgiving dinner Roger and I ate our pieces of candy, but Mama only ate an inch or so from her licorice whip. That evening she divided the rest of it between Roger and me and we ate as she told us the story of the Pilgrims.

OUR monkey stove had two lids to it but no oven, so when Mama made biscuits for breakfast she made up enough for the day's bread supply. She fried them in a large cast-iron skillet which had a cast-iron dome top. In a smaller skillet on the other stove lid she fried salt pork, which she cut into small pieces and added to the milk gravy she made. We ate this gravy over some of the biscuits, and saved the rest of them for dinner and supper.

On the Friday after Thanksgiving as Mama and I finished straightening up the house, there was a knock on the door. The stranger said, "My name is Peter Dompke, and I have come to see if I can swap work with you."

"What kind of work?"

"Mrs. Miller told my wife Mattie that you have a sewing machine, and that you are real good at making children's clothes from the good part that is left from grown-ups' worn-out things. I have a good walking plow and a team of horses so Mattie said that maybe I could swap you some plowing for some sewing."

"Maybe you could. Come in and take a seat." Mama offered him one of the boxes that we used for chairs. "When would you want me to start?"

"The sooner the better. Mattie told me to bring you home with me today."

"I'll have to bring my children with me."

"Of course. My brother lives in Oklahoma City, and he has a contract to build a house. He will pay me good wages to help him. I'd like to leave for there tomorrow but I hate to leave Mattie and the kids alone. We sure do need the money, though, and she said that if you were there she wouldn't feel that she was alone, and that your kids and ours would enjoy playing together."

"How long will it be for?"

"Two or three weeks. Have you any leave of absence time?"

"No, I've used it all up."

"Then you'll need to return here in three weeks. If you are away for a complete month a claim jumper might file on your place. I'll try to be back in three weeks, but if I'm not you must come back here anyway."

"How much plowing are you planning to do for me?"

"I thought we could trade work even

up. Mattie and you can keep track of the number of days you sew for us and I will plow that many days for you, come spring."

"But I haven't any room where I could put you up."

"I'll sleep in my wagon. That's what I always do when I go on a trip, unless it is too full of coal or something, and then I sleep on the ground. I have a big tarp that covers it all over. At the front end where it comes over the seat, the inside space is higher so I sleep with my head at that end. At our place you can sleep with Mattie, and you can make pallets on the floor for your kids. We'll take along your bedding for that."

"How far do you live from here, and when will we get there?"

"Sixteen miles and we will probably get there by four o'clock this afternoon —certainly before supper time. I'll sleep in the wagon tonight and get an early start for Oklahoma City tomorrow morning."

"All right. I'll put up a lunch while you load the sewing machine in my wagon."

Mama cut the rest of the biscuits apart and spread them with peanut butter. She put them in a five-gallon lard pail, and added seven hard-boiled eggs and about a half-pound of dried prunes. Then she packed the fifty-pound can used for heating water when she washed. She put clothes for each of us in it and added a can of tomatoes, our school books and supplies, her scissors, a paper of pins and some spools of thread.

MR. DOMPKE harnessed up Bonnie and brought the wagon to the door. Then he took the table top that Mama had made, spread a comfort over it, and turned the sewing machine upside down on it in our wagon bed. The rest of our quilts and blankets were packed around and between the sewing machine legs.

Mr. Dompke led the way on his horse and we followed in our wagon. He shot several cottontail rabbits on the way, and laid them in our wagon.

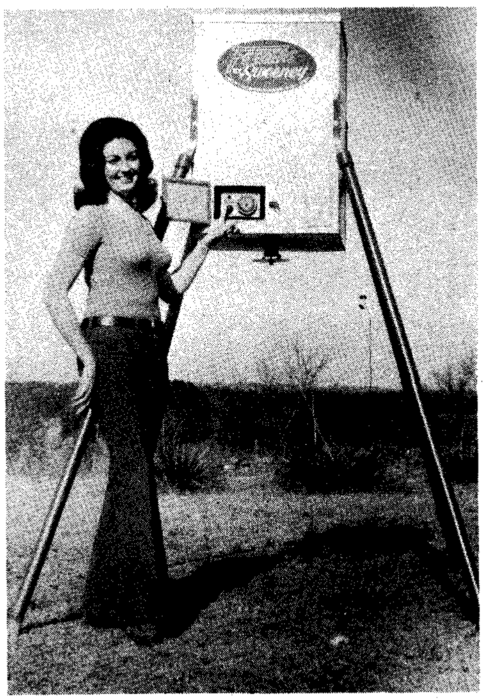
"If you're still here when I get back from Oklahoma City I will shoot you a passel of rabbits to take home with you," he told Mama. "You can dress them and hang them in your horse shed to freeze. Make you a good supply of winter meat."

Mr. Davis had a windmill and we reached his place about noon, so we stopped there and ate our lunch. We got water for the horses to drink, and for ourselves, too.

That evening we had fried rabbit and stewed tomatoes with large slices of buttered yeast bread, and mugs of milk for supper. Mrs. Dompke put up a lunch for her husband to take with him the next day, using the rabbit and bread and butter sandwiches like we had for our supper.

Nancy Dompke and I did the breakfast dishes and straightened up the house so that both our mothers could get right to work on the sewing. Roger helped Junior to do the outdoor work.

Mama made trousers for Junior and Tommy Dompke, using the best part of their father's discarded pants. Mama cut them out and ran the machine and Mrs.



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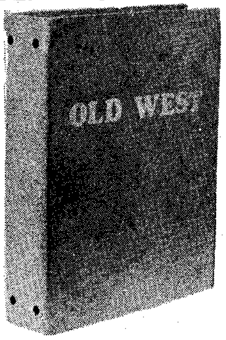

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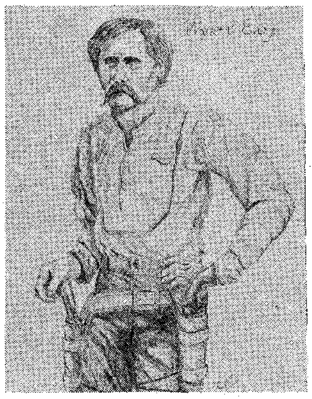

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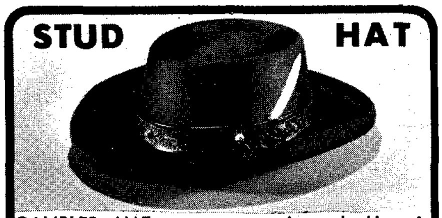

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Dompke did the hand sewing. They made jumpers for Nancy and little Sylvia from their mother's discarded dresses that hadn't enough good material left in them to make complete dresses for the children. From the edges of sheets that were worn out in the middle they made white blouses for the little girls. They made several other things, too, and Mrs. Dompke put each finished garment away to be given to the children on Christmas Day.

After supper every evening we had night school. Roger and I read stories from our readers to the other children, we sang songs, and Mama told Thanksgiving and Christmas stories.

"When the new schoolhouse is built you will be glad that you can write your names," she told Nancy and Junior as she set the copy for them on our slates.

Mr. Dompke came home before the three weeks were up, and right away started shooting up a passel of rabbits for Mama to take home with her. She cleaned them and hung them in Dompke's barn to freeze. Mrs. Dompke baked up a batch of yeast bread for us, and she also gave us some cottage cheese, butter, and a two-gallon can of milk.

I had been quite envious of the jumpers that Mama made for the Dompke children, for all of my dresses were one-piece affairs, so when we got home she ripped up her dark blue skirt and made a jumper from it for me, with a red and white blouse made from a tablecloth. She made Roger a shirt and pair of pants from some clothes that had been Papa John's. As each garment was finished she laid it away in the fifty-pound lard can. These were to be our Christmas presents.

"Juanita, you may give Roger his outfit, and Roger, you may give Juanita hers."

"We haven't anything to give you," I objected.

"You've already given me the Christmas present that I wanted most," she answered. "The way you both behaved and helped all you could while we were at the Dompkes'." She pulled both of us to her and kissed us. "Now I know that I have a pair of dependable helpers. Thank you."

When we opened the lard can on Christmas Day a couple of small paper sacks were in it. One said, "To Roger from the Dompkes" and the other said "To Juanita from the Dompkes." Each sack contained a nickel's worth of penny candies.

"He got six sacks of candy like that while he was in Oklahoma City," Mama told us. "Their children are getting the others this morning."

In the latter part of February the weather was warm, so Mr. Dompke came to our place and did our plowing for us. I must tell you that the names of my folks are real, but all other names have been changed to preserve their privacy. All were wonderful people and good neighbors, but the life we had to live was hard and it is understandable that not everyone would enjoy thinking back on it.

Crockett's Unheroic Grandson

(Continued from page 35)

cular, build of the range rider and, with cattle markets booming, had saved, bargained and worked hard to become a stockman in his own right.

Credit for the founding of Cimarron goes largely to Lucian Maxwell who in 1859 founded the town and made it both the county seat of the new county of Colfax and headquarters for the operation of his huge Maxwell Land Grant. The town was conveniently located not too far away by horseback or stagecoach from Taos, Fort Union, Elizabethtown ("E Town"), Rayado and Las Vegas.

Cimarron became a ranch town, rough-and-tumble headquarters for cowboys and cowmen such as Crockett and Allison. A compulsive worker and shrewd cattleman, Crockett, like his friend Clay, had built up a prosperous ranch. Sunday was the "big day in town" in the era of the '70s and added to celebrating cowboys, a typical Sabbath in Cimarron (according to a newspaper report of March 15, 1873) included such activities as horse racing, cockfighting, preaching, weddings and a general fandango at a large dance hall.

Gus Heifner was a bullet-slinging sidekick of Clay and Davey who helped the two hurrah the town, shooting out windows and lamps, riding horses into barrooms and stores, shooting holes through hats, and finishing off anyone who raised objections. A favorite joke was to drag a miner or dude into a store, dress him in the finest and force the merchant to collect the bill from the sheriff. If Sheriff Rhinehart (also tax-collector at that time) objected, the boys pointed out, with persuasive pistol-waving, that the score was evened by over-charged taxes.

One September night, Crockett and some friends were drinking in a *cantina* in nearby Elizabethtown when the terrified common-law wife of a tavern owner named Kennedy staggered in gasping out a tale of horror. Dulcinea Kennedy begged protection from her husband who, she said, lured overnight travelers into their remote way-station to rob and murder them. The bodies, she sobbed, were buried under the floor, and Kennedy had also killed her small son and threatened her. Appalled, Davey joined Allison in leading a posse of cowboys and miners to Kennedy's cabin. They found the bones of the murderer's victims and strung Kennedy to a tree.

CROCKETT never married, although he courted a neighboring ranch girl, Mary Howard, sister-in-law of rancher Matt Crosby. The pretty sixteen-year-old was attracted to the handsome and exciting Davey; however, until he reformed his wild ways, he made a poor marriage risk. Crockett did not blame Mary for this—he even may have been relieved to escape marriage's restrictions—and on the basis of their romance, he hurried to the Crosby ranch after the Lambert Saloon shooting of the soldiers.

"I'll have to stay here 'til morning," Davey pled with Mary. "The army will be beating the bushes for me."

Mary hesitated, so he hurried on, convincingly, "Even if Rhinehart knows I'm

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here, he won't come and arrest me—he's too afraid of trouble. He couldn't hit me with a bullet from a distance of ten feet! And he ain't got a deputy with the guts to shoot me either. Holbrook wouldn't shoot if I opened my shirt and pointed to my heart."

The next morning, Crockett's cowboy friend, Heifner, woke them with word that it might now be safe for Davey to slip into town. Giving the girl a last kiss, Davey set out confidently to retrieve his horse, abandoned the night before at the livery stable.

Files of the Territory's then largest newspaper, The Santa Fe *New Mexican*, contain a list of cases tried during the September 9, 1876 session of court held in Taos, including, "The Territory vs. David Crockett." The decision handed down was a "fine for carrying arms."

So Davey Crockett was back in circulation and up to his old, boisterous tricks. This permissive settlement of the affair rankled Sheriff Rhinehart and his deputy, Joe Holbrook, however. They were determined to bring Crockett to justice one way or another.

Meanwhile, Davey persisted in courting danger as recklessly as ever. Unfortunately for him, being fast on the draw was an advantage only if the law didn't decide to shoot first and talk afterward. Early one morning, Crockett and Heifner rode slowly into town, alert for a man-to-man showdown with Rhinehart or Holbrook. Just as the riders were passing a stone well-curb, a voice they recognized as Holbrook's ordered, "Reach!"

The surprised pair pulled up their horses, and the deputy jumped into view pointing a double-barreled shotgun at Crockett.

Crockett only laughed, "Holbrook, ain't this a joke? And hidin' behind a well-curb, too!"

Crockett was obviously too amused to raise his hands. "You ain't gonna shoot, Holbrook, not you," he roared with laughter. "Go ahead, here's the spot if you can hit it!" Crockett pulled open his shirt.

Holbrook did. He blasted with both barrels, Heifner dug in his spurs and was out of sight by the time Crockett's body had been carried over to Lambert's.

After Davey's burial, the citizenry concluded that while his death was deserved, one murder did not justify another, and Crockett had been murdered. Therefore a major criminal trial during the Taos court term of April 4, 1879 was the case of "Territory vs. Joseph Holbrook." Holbrook stood accused of the murder of "noted outlaw, David Crockett of Cimarron."

According to the defense, the deputy sheriff shot and killed Crockett while attempting his arrest in September 1877. During Holbrook's three-day trial, evidence was presented to show, besides major disturbances and shootings committed by Crockett, numerous complaints against him for riding horses into hotels and dining rooms, forcing merchants to perform menial tasks, and stirring drinks with his revolver. In the end, Holbrook was acquitted.

Some years later, Robert Crockett came to Cimarron from Anton, Texas to locate Davey's grave. Reportedly he asked permission to remove the small wooden marker and replace it with one of granite. A new headstone never arrived and young Davey's bones lie unidentified in an unmarked grave among the tumbleweeds near Cimarron—an ironic end for the grandson of one of America's most beloved heroes.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 3)

than 700 Plemmons households in the entire United States.

I would appreciate any help anyone can offer. I need lists of entire families with dates of birth, wives' names, dates of deaths, cemetery locations, etc. I have quite a lot of information and will gladly share it with anyone interested. I will answer each letter.—Donald K. Plemmons, Rt. 3, Box 420-26, Fort Worth, Texas 76134

Brookshire

Information is wanted on Clarence Woodford Brookshire (1901-1957). Whom did he visit in the late '20s in Texas for nearly two years? Also, I'd like any information on his father, Alfred; mother Mary; wife Cora; son, Warren; and daughter Mary.

Any information on the Brookshires of Brookshire, Texas is wanted. There are several spellings but all, Brookshi, Brookshire, Brookshier, Brookshear and Brookshears, are related to three brothers who arrived here in 1781 from Hamburg, Germany.—Thomas Lee Brookshire, 7 Tolar Road, Travelers Rest, South Carolina 29690

Bettelyoun-La Deoux

I am seeking information on Isaac Bettelyoun and Ema Jane La Deoux. They are both at rest in the La Creek Cemetery in South Dakota, 1929 - 1931. Isaac is on the roll in Rosebud but we cannot find anything on Ema Jane. She had a twin. I would appreciate any picture or help of any kind. My mother, Martha Bettelyoun Hill-Robinson, is the last living of their thirteen children.—Mrs. Venus Lawrence, Box 80, Pine Ridge, South Dakota 57770

Griffith

I would appreciate hearing from anyone whose trails may have crossed with my father's, Howard Griffith, born around 1892. He was of French Canadian descent. He and my mother, Dellena May Brown (maiden name), were divorced when I was a baby. My father was employed as a telegraph operator on the Southern Pacific railroad and stationed in Salem, Oregon in 1914, then transferred to the Dalles, Oregon and then to Pendleton, Oregon in 1916 where I was born. He worked across the Columbia River in Eltopia, Washington. He had one arm amputated. Can anyone give me any information? I would really appreciate it.—Viola Belle Shively, 3777 Manor Drive NE, Salem, Oregon 97301

Covey

William Covey was born in Montgomery County, Virginia in 1786. He was the son of Samuel and Elizabeth Nap Covey. William married Susannah Godbey in Montgomery County, Virginia in 1810. They had the following children, all born in Virginia: John, Patsey, Robert, Sarah, Benjamin, Elizabeth, Anderson, Susan, Daniel, Rebecca, David. They were also the parents of Joshua H. and Susannah who were born in Ray County, Missouri.

(Continued on page 64)

Three Quick Rifle Shots

(Continued from page 27)

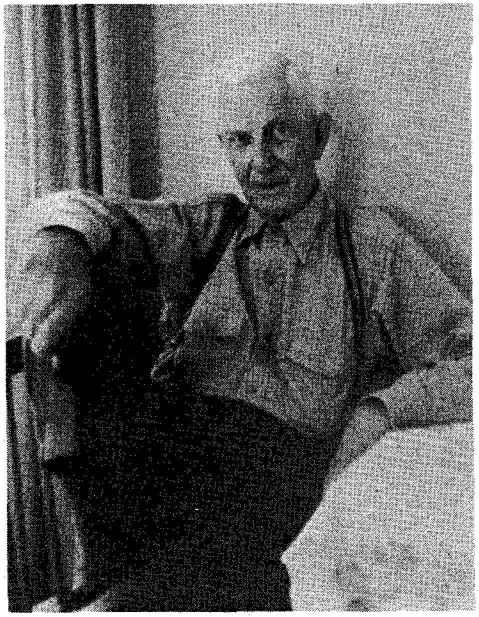
steep, narrow switchback trail that traversed solid formation. Emmit's adrenalin must have really been working, because he lifted Dad on his back and never stopped until he reached the cabin. Then he grabbed the .30-30 and shot three times for my help.

We worked over Dad for several hours with hot water, washing the blood away from the cuts and applying iodine. It seemed there wasn't a square inch from his ankles to the top of his head that wasn't covered with copper from the blasting caps. One eye was out but, by the Grace of God, the other one was spared.

Emmit and I talked it over and we knew that Dad would have to be taken out to a doctor. It was decided I would strike out for a telephone that was three miles below us on Smith Creek and then get the horses. By this time it was dark, so we made a "palooser" by cutting a jagged hole in the side of a half-gallon lard bucket to hold a candle and changing the bail to both ends. (The can reflects the light and keeps off the wind. It is very effective.)

I took off on the run, thinking about nothing but getting help. When I got to the phone at the old cabin, the Forest Service fire dispatcher, Hubert Nipe, answered my first ring. I told him what had happened and that we needed first, to have someone meet us on the road at the end of the Smith Creek Trail with

John Routson survived an ordeal that would have done in most men—and lived to be 91 years old!



a car or buckboard by ten o'clock the next morning; second, someone to phone the doctor in McCall, Idaho, to come as far as possible to meet us; and third, someone to notify my brother John at the Dewey mine to come on that night. John was a District Ranger for the Idaho National Forest Service stationed in Thunder Mountain.

Then I went on after the horses. They usually ended up above the old cabin on McFadden Prairie. After climbing the mountain, sure enough, they were there. I tailed three horses and jumped on my saddle horse bareback and, believe me, we came off that mountain like a bat out of hell and never stopped a trot until we reached the Werdenhoff.

DAD was still in shock when I arrived and was very weak. It was daylight by then so we hurried and got the horses saddled and put Dad's saddle on our favorite, sure-footed horse, Old Fred. We packed light—just some food, medicine and blankets. Then we dressed Dad warmly and boosted him up on Old Fred. I got on behind the saddle to hold him in place. Emmit led the horse. We took off for Elk Summit for a rendezvous with help—seven miles away, all by trail.

This seemed like the longest seven miles of my life. After the first mile Dad got very weak and was hard to keep from falling off the horse. That morning we had found a quart bottle of brandy in the cupboard and had put it in the saddlebag. We decided to try and see if it would help. Let me say here that alcohol used in the right way and at the right time has its place, and in this case it was one of the main factors in saving our father's life. Everytime he took a swallow, it seemed to revive him enough to fight the fight. It took us four hours to get to Elk Summit and we didn't even try to hold back the tears when we saw an old Ford truck waiting for us.

Our brother John from Thunder Mountain had caught up with us several miles before we got to Elk Summit. He had made a fifty-five mile ride by saddle horse, over dangerous mountain trails, after dark. Our older brother's arrival was sure a big lift for a couple of discouraged, sick kids who hadn't much hope left. We had done a lot of praying and I know now that our prayers were answered, but at the time it didn't seem so.

After we put Dad on the Ford truck, we followed to the South Fork Ranger Station, eighteen miles away, to stay and wait for news about his condition. Dr. Numbers met us at South Fork and took Dad right in to McCall. Dad stayed in the hospital for two months, and my sister, Adelia Parke, nursed him back to health. He lost the sight in one eye, and one hand couldn't be opened. It took two years of exercise and determination to make it normal. Copper was embedded all over the front of his body, even to the third lining of his stomach. But, strange as it may seem, he recovered and went on to live to the ripe old age of ninety-one years.

Back-country life was hard but it brought people together in time of need, with devotion that is hard to find anymore. Back there it seemed that everyone in the whole country was part of a great big family.

Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 32)

called, "Hey, kids, come here! I think I've found something!" We dropped our hoes and ran to see what it was. Dad had a big smile on his face and was noticeably excited, which wasn't anything at all like him. He was pointing to some object, barely visible, that was sunk deep into the earth. It looked like a large wooden box of some sort. Dad had struck it with his axe, he said.

Knowing this to have been an old Indian camping ground years before, could it be some of the buried treasure that was being found quite frequently here in the southwestern part of the United States? Dad cautioned us to keep this "under our hats"— his way of saying, "Keep your mouths shut." He pulled off his hat and scratched his head, then looked at me and said, "Sis, run and tell Mother. Bring all the digging tools you can carry from the house."

Never will I forget the shocked look on poor Mom's face as I practically fell into the kitchen where she was busy getting supper. I know she expected bad news but when between breaths I told her what had happened, together we scraped up all the digging tools we could find and hurried back to the scene of the action. Mom was as excited as we were and this spurred us on even more.

It hadn't rained in quite a spell and the ground was hard as a rock. The excavating began with hoes, shovels and pick-axes. We started the procedure which proved very tiring before it was finished. Prying and digging and all the time planning and talking about what we would do if the treasure was gold or Indian jewelry. Each of us had a little pipe dream of "what if it were so and so."

Dark came early and chased us home to do up the chores and eat supper, but bright and early the next morning caught us back digging away again. This time my smallest brother even brought a fork from the kitchen table to dig with. But no matter how hard we tried we couldn't get the box to budge. Dad said if we could just get a hold on one end of the box, he believed we could lift it all together—but no such luck. That day's end found one tired and hungry bunch of treasure hunters (or diggers)!

Dad again cautioned us, "Nary a peep out of any of you-all to friends or neighbors, because it just ain't wise to tell all you know about your business." It sure was difficult not to tell our secret to the Brown kids who came over after supper to play a few games.

The third day found us with blistered hands and sore backs, but somehow gold fever had dulled our senses. I know now how tired and yet determined those old prospectors who panned and dug for gold must have felt. The next day, Dad had us haul water to pour on the rain-starved earth. The digging then was easier and more furious than on the previous days and around noon the object was beginning to loosen up so that Dad could get hold of one end of it. With

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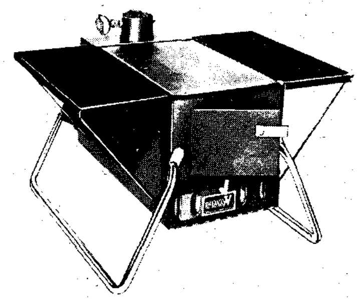

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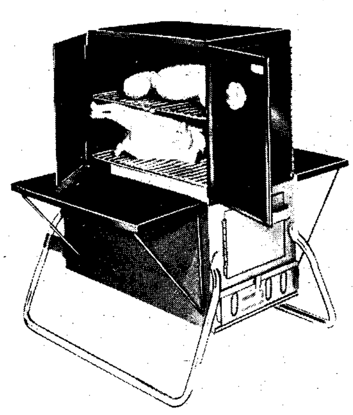

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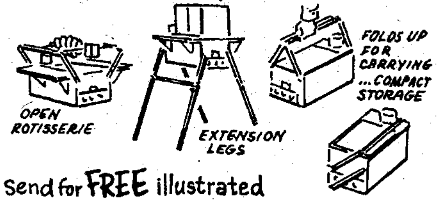

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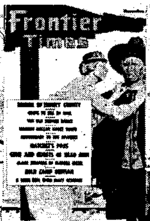
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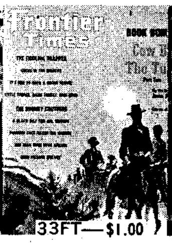
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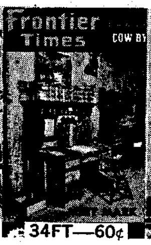
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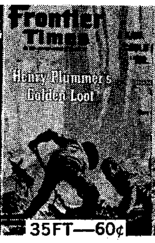
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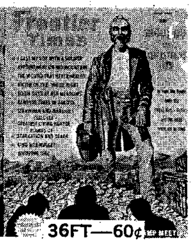
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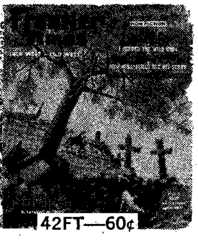
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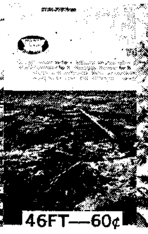
46FT—60¢

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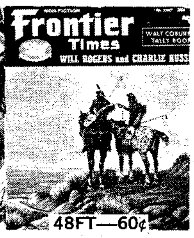
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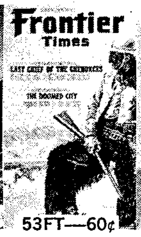
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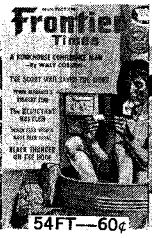
54FT—60¢

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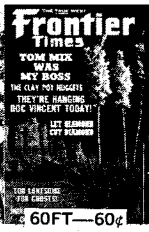
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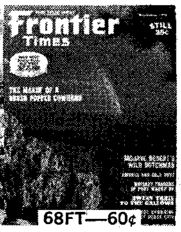
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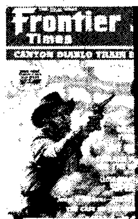
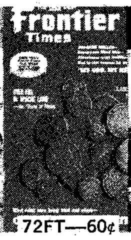

69FT—60¢

70FT—60¢

71FT—60¢


72FT—60¢

73FT—60¢

74FT—60¢

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76FT—60¢

77FT—60¢

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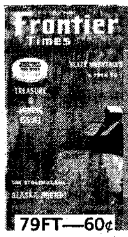
79FT—60¢

80FT—60¢

81FT—60¢

82FT—60¢

83FT—60¢

84FT—60¢

85FT—60¢

86FT—60¢

87FT—60¢

88FT—60¢

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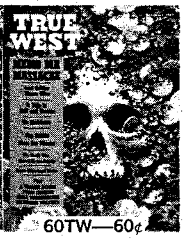
56TW—60¢

57TW—$1.00

59TW—60¢

60TW—60¢

61TW—$1.00

62TW—$1.00

63TW—$1.00

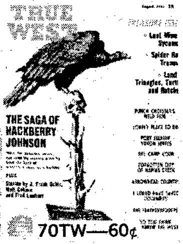
64TW—60¢

65TW—60¢

66TW—60¢

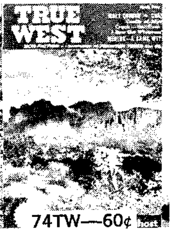
67TW—60¢

68TW—60¢

69TW—60¢

70TW—60¢

71TW—60¢

72TW—60¢

73TW—60¢

74TW—60¢

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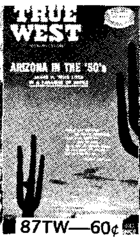
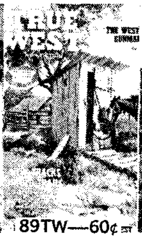
82TW—$1.00

83TW—60¢

84TW—60¢

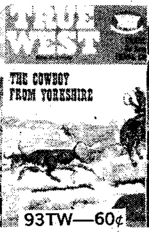
85TW—60¢

86TW—60¢

87TW—60¢

88TW—60¢

89TW—60¢

90TW—60¢

91TW—60¢

92TW—60¢

93TW—60¢

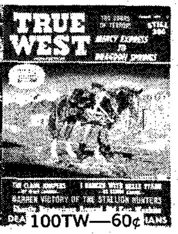
94TW—60¢

95TW—60¢

96TW—60¢

97TW—60¢

98TW—60¢

99TW—60¢

100TW—60¢

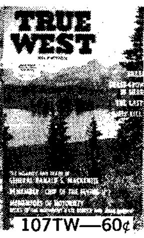
101TW—60¢

102TW—60¢

103TW—60¢

104TW—60¢

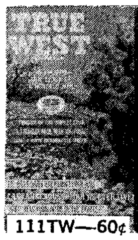
105TW—60¢

106TW—60¢

107TW—60¢

108TW—60¢

109TW—60¢

110TW—60¢


111TW—60¢

112TW—60¢

113TW—60¢

114TW—60¢

115TW—60¢

116TW—60¢

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118TW—60¢

119TW—60¢

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all the crew helping, gradually the treasure was surfaced.

As Dad turned it over, our mouths dropped open because it was just an old wagon seat that had been buried by the sand. We were disappointed, but that's the price of treasure hunting. Sometimes you get your kicks by just digging.—Mary Fulcher, 1018 West Cain Street, Hobbs, New Mexico, 88240

High Postal Rates

It's been a long time since I have written, but after twenty some-odd years we are still reading just about everything that you publish (including yore cryin' editorials). The "10,000 Shall Die" is a real humdinger and should wake people from their apathy. Some smart son-of-a-gun in the past (I can't remember who) made the remark that the precious becomes commonplace with possession. Little do people realize just how precious magazines and newspapers are to the continued freedom that we expect in this country. When somebody condemns the press for exposing the misdeeds of an elected official, I can't help but rise to the occasion and do my best to try to convince them that the minute the free press ceases to exist is the same minute that this nation will be in the crushing grip of a dictator.

In my opinion the U.S. Postal Service is doing the greatest disservice possible by increasing postal rates to the point that they are killing off sources of information. They strangle the life out of our publications and then turn right around and ask them to run special interest stories that proclaim the wonderful services of the department.— Gene Holder, McGregor, Texas 76657

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 60)

Joshua H. Covey married Lucy Ellen Keeling in Ray County on January 25, 1855. He was almost twenty-two years old at the time. Joshua H. and Lucy had the following children: William T., James Anderson, Peter R., Squire Britton, David W., Mary E., Simon Jonah, Martha Jane, Jacob B., John Allen, Joseph E., and Lucy Ann. They were all born in Ray County and the family moved to Texas about 1885.

William Covey's son, David, stayed in Missouri and married and raised his family; Benjamin went West in the gold rush to California in 1849.

Does anyone know what happened to William and Susannah's other children, who they married and who their descendants are? When did William and Susannah die and where are they buried? Any information on these Coveys or their descendants will be appreciated.—Mrs. John A. Covey, Jr., Box 141, Sherman, Texas 75090

Westfall-Westphal-Vestphal

I would like any word as to a maternal uncle who came to Bastrop at any time after the 1840s. His name was Westfall, Vestphal, or Westphal, a German. Also any information regarding German communities in that area.—S. S. Gossman, 8018 Woodland Avenue, Puyallup, Washington 98371

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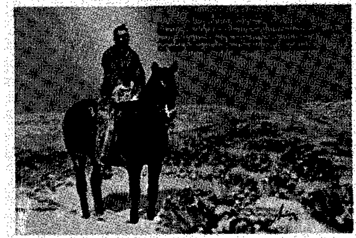
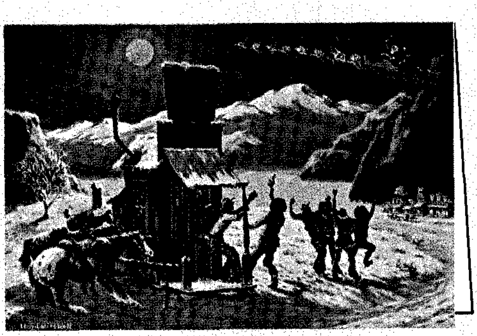
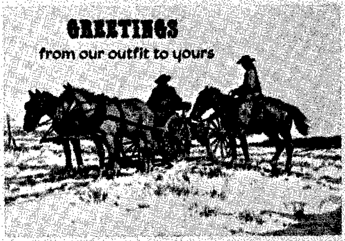


1025 A Cowboy's Prayer—May the Peace and Joy of Christmas be with you, etc.—**Snidow**



1008 A Toast to Santa—He sails thru the moonlit heavens to bring us joy... Merry Christmas—**Mitchell**


GREETINGS
from our outfit to yours

1022 "Greetings from our outfit to yours"—With Best Wishes for a Prosperous New Year—**Eggenhofer**

CHRISTMAS CARDS OF THE WEST

T920 "The Star of Christmas"—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—**Snidow**

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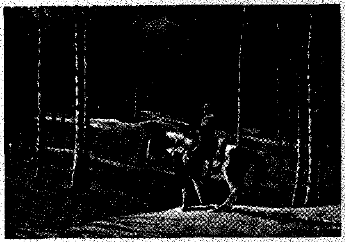
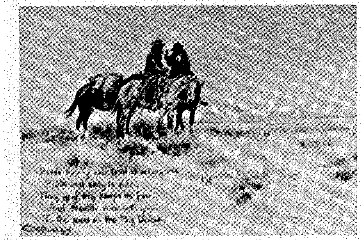
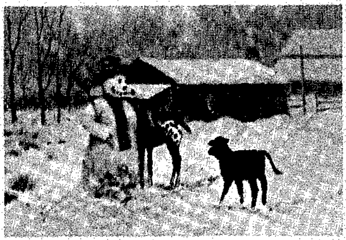


1006 A Cowboy's Christmas Carol—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—**Shaddix**

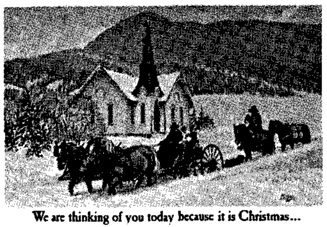


T200 "Hoping your trail is a long one"—Merry Christmas! Good friends, good times, etc.—**Russell**

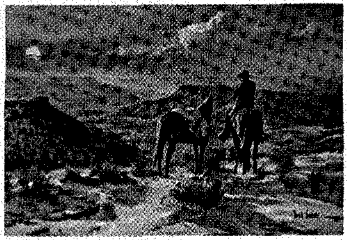


1016 Playmates—It's Christmas again! May yours be a joyful one and your New Year happy!—**Bender**

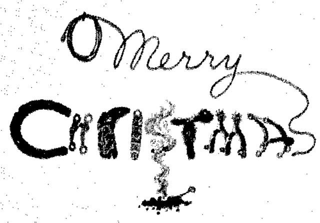
T907 "Happy Tracks"—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**Christoffersen**


We are thinking of you today because it is Christmas...

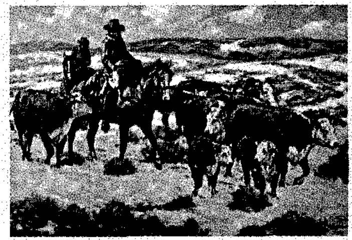
1020 "The Spirit of Christmas"—We are thinking of you today because it is Christmas, etc.—**Lougheed**



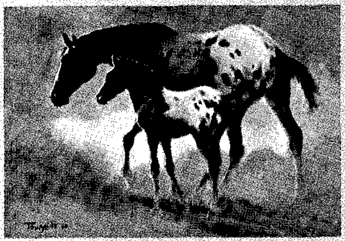
1018 Brotherhood of Man—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**Sanders**



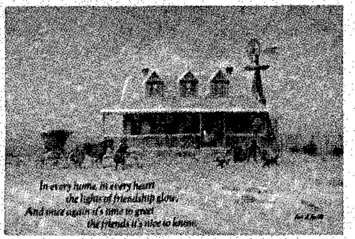
1039 Merry Christmas—It's roundup time out in the West of wishes warm and true, etc.—**Lorenz**



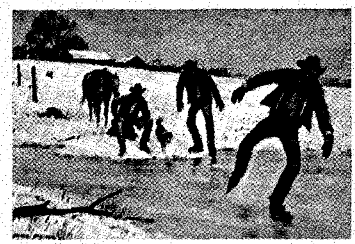
1015 A Cowboy's Good Feelin's—Peace and Good Will at Christmas, etc.—**Salisbury**



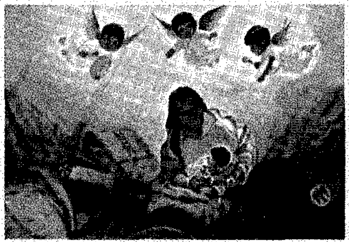
1246 "The wonder of Christmas"—May its light shine upon your pathway and bless you, etc.—**Touraine**


In every home, in every heart
the lights of friendship glow,
And once again it's time to greet
the friends it's nice to know.

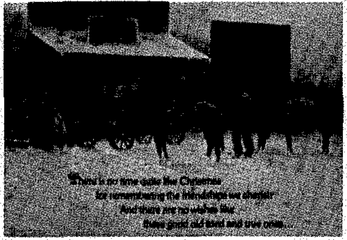
1003 "It's time to greet the friends it's nice to know"—Merry Christmas—**Smith**



1007 Sea Legs—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—**Bryers**



T107 Tidings of Great Joy—May the love that is all around us at Christmas time, etc.—**EchoHawk**



1024 "Remembering friendships we cherish"—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—**Harvey**

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NAME AND BRAND	6.00	8.25	10.90	13.50	18.25	22.50	27.00	31.50	40.50	58.50	93.00
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